

JANUARY 8, 1881

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 580.—Vol. XXIII.

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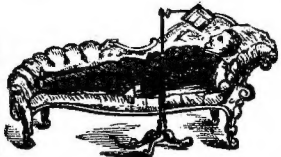
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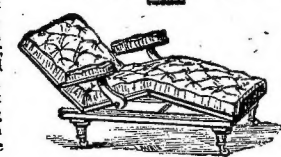
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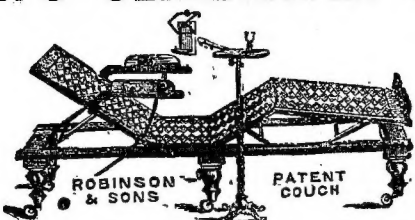
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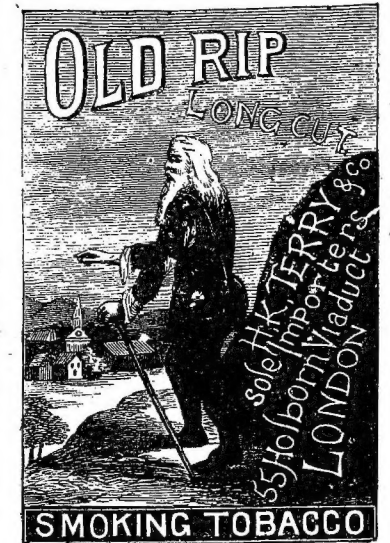
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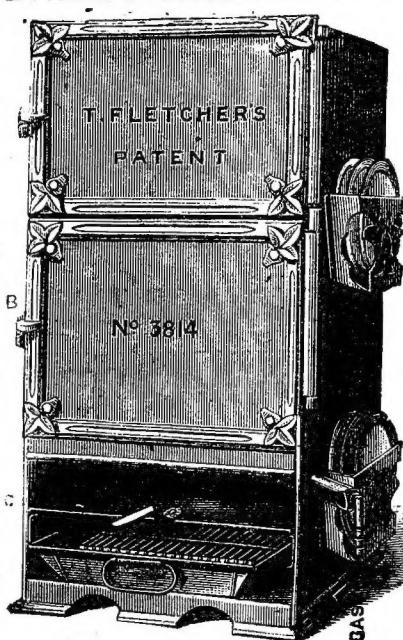
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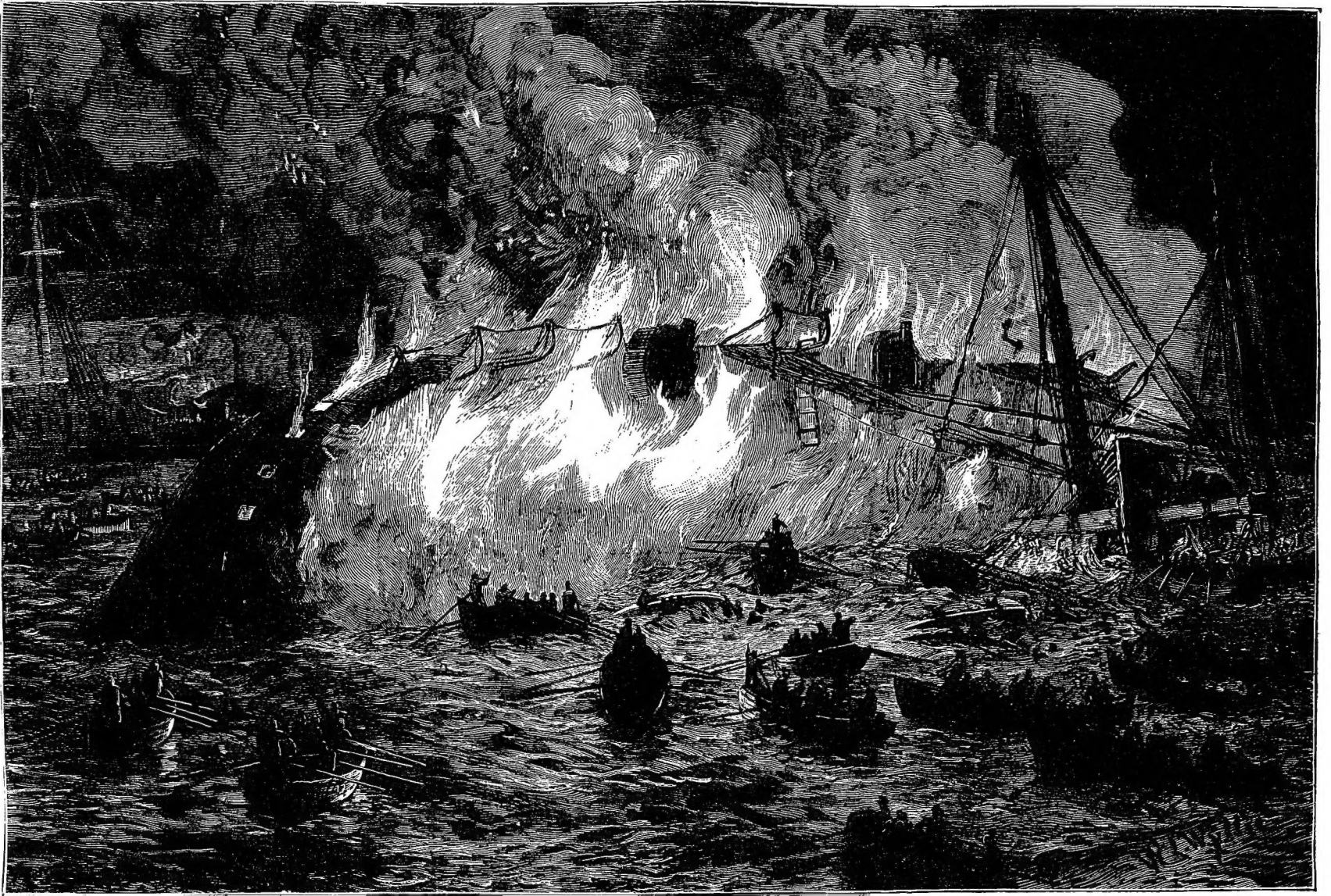
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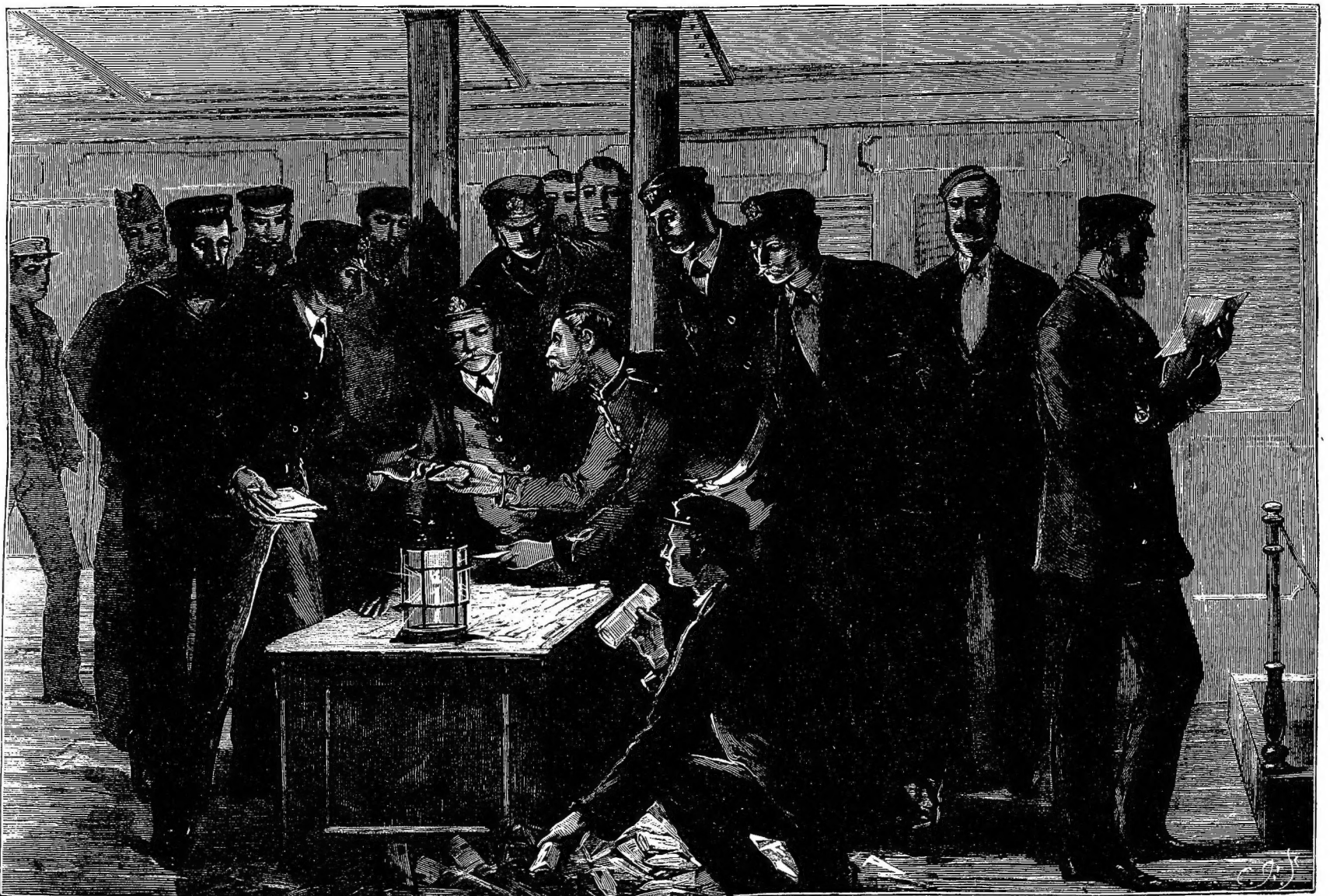
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THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.—With so many exciting events going on, the contents of this document have been anticipated on the present occasion with more than usual eagerness. But the interest aroused by the Speech itself is considerably qualified by the fact that the leading newspapers are courteously furnished with its principal ingredients at least a day or two before the actual delivery of the official manifesto. Ireland, of course, forms the principal dish in the Ministerial banquet, and it is satisfactory to learn that after three months of a condition of anarchy such as has not been witnessed in a European country since the great French Revolution, the Government have at last been compelled by the rising tide of popular indignation to abandon the attitude of inaction which was imposed upon them by their Radical colleagues. If the Habeas Corpus Act had been suspended and the possession of arms prohibited three months ago, there is scarcely a doubt that lawlessness would have been nipped in the bud, whereas now these repressive measures may provoke open revolt against the Imperial power. If these Acts can be carried without delay in the teeth of the Irish Irreconcilable M.P.'s, an important victory, which may serve as a precedent for the future, will have been gained against Obstruction. Parliament has plenty of work provided for it this Session, and private members are to be asked to surrender their cherished nights in order that the Government may have a chance of carrying out their programme. Against this we make no complaint, for the Land Bill and the County Government Bill will, even if there is no obstruction and only fair legitimate discussion, occupy a large space of time. Poor England, though the richest and most important of the Three Kingdoms, is likely to be left in the lurch this Session, but we hope time will be found to pass a workable Bankruptcy Act (that *Pons asinorum* of successive Governments), to prevent Floods, and to renew the Ballot Act, with some practical remedies against Bribery. A Bill is also to be brought forward for the Abolition of Corporal Punishment in the Army and Navy. Peaceable Scotland has to be satisfied with a promise to revise the constitution of her Endowed Schools and Hospitals. Looking abroad, the Queen's Speech congratulates the country on the settlement of the Montenegrin difficulty, and apparently expresses a belief that the claims of Greece will still be satisfied without bloodshed. Knowing the views of the present Government, no one will be surprised, though some prudent persons may regret, that Candahar is ultimately to be abandoned. In such a region of surprises, however, as Afghanistan, the moment for departure may be a long time in arriving. Lastly, the revolt in the Transvaal is dealt with, and it is once more satisfactory to learn that a Government which includes Mr. Bright among its members has resolved to assert the supremacy of the British Crown against the insurgent Boers.

GREECE AND THE PORTE.—The Powers have not succeeded in securing the adhesion either of Greece or Turkey to the scheme of arbitration. It is possible that their objections may even yet be overcome; but neither at Constantinople nor at Athens is there the slightest sign of an intention to comply with the will of Europe. We need not, however, conclude that because arbitration has little chance of being accepted war will necessarily break out. It is still open to the two countries to settle their dispute by negotiation; and both of them have very strong reasons for adopting this course. Turkey cannot wish to give the hostile nationalities an opportunity of attacking her; and Greece must see that a conflict with the Porte would be attended by serious risks. It may be true that England and France indirectly encouraged Greece to make ready for war; but it is equally true that neither of them is inclined to incur serious sacrifices on her behalf. France, indeed, has plainly announced that she will on no account do more than offer good advice; and our troubles in Ireland and elsewhere would hardly permit us to manifest greater generosity. As for the other Powers, they have never professed to have the slightest intention of enforcing the Greek claims. There can, then, be no doubt as to the policy which prudence would dictate to the Greeks; and it may be hoped that their action will not be nearly so vigorous as their talk. Still, it is impossible to feel absolute confidence in the maintenance of peace; for the popular movement in Greece may be so powerful as to have passed beyond the control of the King and his Ministers.

THE FORTHCOMING IRISH LAND BILL.—A bold and far-seeing statesmanship would probably refuse to attempt any change in the existing landlaws of Ireland until the present agitation had calmed down. There is no chance of the present Government acting thus. Their sympathies (that is, the sympathies of the Radical tail, by which the rest of the body is evidently guided) are with the tenants rather than with the landlords, and they have looked on at the sufferings of the latter with the most cold-blooded indifference; indeed, Mr. Bright speaks with ill-concealed glee of landlords running for their lives. The result of this apathy has been anarchy and a dissolution of the ordinary social bonds over a large part of Ireland. Still, at present the mass of the artisans and shopkeepers who hoisted Mr. Gladstone into power last

Easter seem content with their idol. Will they be equally content if the evil spirit which is now stalking through Ireland should pay a visit to this island? There is a large Irish population here, and we have had Fenian troubles before. The precautions concerning the Volunteer armouries, the rumours about the *Lord Warden*, and the incendiary fires in the Liverpool Docks are not reassuring symptoms. Still we have two great consolations. We have a State Trial going on in Dublin, which may possibly equal the Tichborne case in length. It may possibly end in the acquittal of the traversers, but will not the Government have proved their unflinching resolve to put down sedition? Then we have the new Land Bill. It may prove a panacea, or at least a palliative. Of course it will not please the landlords, but many of them, poor wretches, will be glad to save anything they can from the general wreck. It may possibly satisfy the tenants, though just now, with visions of national independence floating in the air, this is doubtful. But will it please the labourers? A generation hence the tenants, fixed in their farms by Act of Parliament, will, in the eyes of the labourers, be a fresh race of detested landlords. There will then be an opening for another crusade, under the Parnell of the period.

THE REVOLT OF THE BOERS.—The first impression of the disaster near Middelberg seems after all to have been nearer the truth than the modifying accounts subsequently received. The affair was not a battle, it was little if any better than a deliberate massacre. The soldiers were summoned to surrender, and, upon refusal, were shot down in cold blood. The manner of this first collision between the Boers and the Government forces will naturally prejudice the cause of the former in this country. We trust it may have the same effect on the Continent. It is natural that our Dutch neighbours should sympathise with the Transvaal farmers, though the Netherlandish blood of the latter is much mingled with that of French Huguenots and of Portuguese, but it is not so evident why the German Press should take the side of the Boers. Nearly everybody now wishes that the annexation had never taken place, but at the same time almost all public men, whether Liberal or Conservative, Mr. Courtney excepted (to whom all credit is due for his far-sightedness), believed that we were rescuing the Boers from imminent annihilation, and that they were willing to be so rescued. We certainly were not actuated by what the Germans call "earth-hunger," a greed for more territory. We have already more than we can manage. Our Continental friends, too, should bear in mind that the liberty which the Boers claim means a liberty to deal with the surrounding natives according to their own peculiar ideas of justice, and therefore involves a constant danger of collision with the black tribes by whom South Africa is chiefly peopled. Indirectly both the late Zulu War and the present Basuto War may be traced to Boer high-handedness.

M. BLANQUI.—It is not surprising that M. Blanqui's friends tried to make his funeral the occasion of an imposing demonstration, for he was one of the most interesting men of the present century. During the half of his long life he was in prison, but confinement never broke his spirit; he was as enthusiastic for his cause at the end as at the beginning of his career, and as ready to die for it. This is the stuff out of which martyrs are made, and the members of M. Blanqui's party would have been untrue to all the traditions of the French national character if they had not regarded him with veneration. At the same time there can be little doubt that he exercised, on the whole, a mischievous influence. He seems to have had no clear idea as to the kind of social organisation which ought to replace existing institutions; all he demanded was that existing institutions should be overthrown. It was his conviction that "whatever is, is wrong;" and he persuaded himself that if he could bring about a new Revolution there would not be much difficulty in making all men happy afterwards. Some time ago most people would have said that politicians of his type were almost extinct, but this can hardly be said now. Among the working classes of Paris and other great cities there are multitudes who hold essentially the same views as M. Blanqui. It would be a mistake to suppose that these persons are influenced merely by a regard for their own interests; probably the majority of them think rather of mankind than of themselves. But they have a wildly extravagant conception of the power of politicians to find a remedy for evils which are to a large extent inherent in human nature.

HOUSE OF COMMONS REFORM.—By this phrase we do not mean what Parliamentary Reform is usually taken to mean, namely, the extension of the franchise to a lower and more ignorant class of voters, but a reform of the methods of procedure adopted by the Legislative Assembly itself. Yet the two matters are closely connected together, and it may be broadly stated that Reform outside the House (that is, franchise extension) necessitates Reform inside the House (that is, alteration of business arrangements). The present House, it may freely be granted, contains a higher average of intellect and ability than its predecessors of half a century ago, and is a better reflector of outside opinion; but it is far less amenable to Parliamentary discipline, because its members are representative of diverse ranks, and creeds, and methods of education. The Parliament-men of the ante-Reform days practically belonged to the same class, had

been educated at the same schools, and professed the same form of religion. Hence, in spite of party differences, which in those days were often more nominal than real, a genuine *esprit de corps* existed among the members, and, barring moments of exceptional excitement, all were ready to obey the code of the House, written or unwritten. Under the successive influences of 1832 and 1867 this state of things has gradually been vanishing away, and now we find ourselves with a large infusion of M.P.'s of a totally different type, with the business of the nation far greater and more complex than it was, and yet with the old-fashioned rules of debate still in force. The result is that legislative progress is woefully slow. Here are some six hundred and fifty men (above the average in energy and ability, or they would not be where they are) toiling away for the public benefit, yet the product of their labours at the end of each Session is ludicrously small. There are numbers of questions, totally unconnected with party politics, yet of vital importance, such as the Codification of the Law, Bankruptcy, Pollution of Rivers, Prevention of Floods, &c., which, Session after Session, are shunted into sidings. There is something in Mr. Torrens' suggestion (which is, after all, only the revival of an old practice) that the House should divide itself into three portions for business purposes, but this reform will never be effected unless members can be persuaded to refrain from plunging their fingers into every legislative pie. Something, however, ought to be done, and that soon, or the House will degenerate into a mere talking-shop, in which, too, on the whole, the talk is less good than in the leading articles of the newspapers.

EMPLOYERS AND WORKMEN.—The Employers' Liability Act came into operation on New Year's Day, and it is likely to be the subject of a great deal of discussion during the next few months. Nobody quite knows how some of its provisions will work, and disputes as to its effects cannot be settled until test cases have been submitted to a Court of Law. There is no doubt that employers can contract themselves out of the Act; and many of them have lost no time in exercising their right to do so. A good many workmen are said to be in favour of an agitation for a new measure depriving the employers of this right; but the proposal is not likely to receive general support. In some cases workmen have found that they were better off before the Act was passed than they would be under its protection; their employers having given contributions to insurance funds considerably larger than the amounts they are made responsible for by the new law. It would be unjust to workmen who are in this position if they were prevented from making such arrangements as best suit their convenience. At the same time employers have clearly no moral right to contract themselves out of the Act without giving ample compensation. Some of them are said to have simply issued notice to their workmen "that they must leave unless they understand that they are subject to the law as it was before." This is an unjustifiable evasion of an obligation which has been admitted by the Legislature; and if the example which has been set is extensively followed the working classes will have some ground for maintaining that Parliament had no serious intention of remedying their grievance.

MR. COWEN'S SPEECH.—Mr. Cowen is an original sort of Radical, and whether we agree with him or not his speeches are always worth reading, which is more than can be said of every M.P. With his objections to modern electioneering machinery we fully sympathise, yet we fear that the Birmingham system is likely by degrees to undergo a far greater development than at present. Under manhood suffrage, the constituencies become so large that the candidates are personally unknown to the bulk of the electors, who therefore require some intermediate body to step in and inform them who the gentlemen are and what are their qualifications. Both parties, of course, can play at this game, and there will be Conservative Six Hundreds as well as Liberal Six Hundreds. Let us hope that a long time will elapse before we reach the perfection of the electioneering system of the United States. In that happy land, every man is styled a sovereign, but, unless he gets "in" with the professional politicians, his personal influence in politics is about as infinitesimal as it would be in Russia. Thus do the extremes of democracy and despotism meet. To turn to another point, we cannot accept Mr. Cowen's estimate of threatening letters. He says "they break no bones, and need disturb no man's digestion," and then proceeds to tell us that he has received scores of them himself. This is probably the experience of many men who occupy a public position. In our opinion a man is not to be blamed if his nerves are upset by a threatening letter of any sort; but there is a vast difference between the conditions under which these abominable missives are sent to such men as Mr. Cowen and to the Irish landlords. The former knows that the threatener is a single malignant unit among a friendly multitude, and that such threats have never yet in his experience been translated into deeds; the latter dwells in loneliness, with perhaps not a creature near him beyond his own family in whom he can place implicit confidence, and he is well aware that the fiendish conspiracy which slew the inoffensive Mountmorres will not hesitate, if occasion serves, to strike himself also.

GERMANY AND THE JEWS.—The discreditable agitation against the Jews in Germany becomes more and more

formidable. Vast meetings are held for the purpose of denouncing "Semites;" and the orators put no limit to the extravagance, and even the ferocity, of their harangues. At these meetings individual Jews are hooted and beaten, and they are not safe from insult in the streets or in public conveyances. Fortunately it is not necessary in England to prove that a movement of this kind is disgraceful; the fact is self-evident to everybody, no matter what statistics may be cited by the agitators. All true Liberals in Germany are of the same opinion, and they are anxiously inquiring how it happens that such shameful intolerance is exhibited in a country which used to boast of being the best educated and the most humane in Europe. The explanation is, no doubt, partly to be found in the general tendency of the political life of Germany during the last twenty years. At one time almost every educated German was an enthusiastic Liberal; and the establishment of equal rights for all classes was of course an essential article in the Liberal creed. But under Prince Bismarck's influence Liberalism has become much less popular than it used to be. Most Germans of the higher and middle classes now seem to think that they would be safer under a despotism than under free institutions, and they are never tired of singing the praises of that rough military life to which the whole population is in some measure subjected. All this has prepared the way for illiberal movements; and unfortunately the anti-Jewish movement is stimulated by passions which, when let loose, are as powerful as they are base.

ADVERTISING VANS.—Londoners who are growing grey will remember when advertising vans were so numerous as to constitute a decided nuisance. The Press, both serious and comic, took up arms against them, and at length they were suppressed, either by existing police regulations or by special Act of Parliament. We call attention to this because the evil is cropping up again. Carts are going about bearing huge posters, and some are provided with bells which are perpetually being rung by some miscreant ensconced within. Already the perils of the street are greater than they were in 1851. There were few hansoms then, no tramways, and not more than one or two overground railway lines, with their ear-piercing whistles. The advertising van is constructed to arrest attention. It is made peculiar in appearance. Consequently it arrests the attention, not only of human beings, but of horses, especially when there is a tintinnabulatory accompaniment. The horses shy, and accidents ensue. Among the forgotten follies of the last generation do not let us resuscitate the Advertising Van.

NOTICE.—With this number is published an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, containing TITLE-PAGE and INDEX to VOL. XXII.



LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—THE CUP, THE CORSIAN BROTHERS. Alfred Tennyson's Tragedy in Two Acts, THE CUP, at 7.45. Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Irving, Mr. Terriss. THE CORSIAN BROTHERS at 9.30. Mr. Irving as Louis and Fabien dei Franchi. Doors open at 7.15; performance commences at a quarter to 8 precisely. Morning Performances of THE CORSIAN BROTHERS, To-Day, Saturday, at 2.30, and Sunday, January 15 (the last Morning Performance of this play for the present). Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Seats booked by letter or telegram.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—EVERY EVENING (Doors open 6.30) at 7. THE LOTTERY TICKET. At 7.45. The Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime, VALENTINE AND ORSON. MORNING PERFORMANCES every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 2. Doors open 1.30. Children and Schools admitted at half-price to Morning Performances on payment at the doors only. Characters by the celebrated VOICES FAMILY, Master C. Leary, Mr. J. G. Taylor, Messdames Maud Howard, Collins, and Julie, Middles, Zauli, and Zanfrella, &c. Double Harlequinade. Clowns, Mr. H. Payne and Mr. C. Lauri. Prices from 1s. to £4 4s. Box Office open daily from 10 to 5.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.—THE LADY OF LYONS. by LORD LYTTON, will be acted at a Matinee on SATURDAY, January 15, 1881, the proceeds to be devoted to The Home for Young Women Engaged in Houses of Business, Ashley House, Gower Street. The Characters will be represented by Sir William Magnus, Mr. J. Voltaire, Mr. F. Nicholls, Mr. J. G. Bauer, Mr. W. R. Robinson, Mr. Morton, and Mr. Henry Byatt; Miss Carlisle, Mrs. Egan, Mrs. Mackney. Tickets may be obtained at the Theatre, at Messrs. Lacon and Ollier's, 63, Old Bond Street, and of W. H. Ash, Esq., Hon. Sec., at "The Home," as above. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING at Seven, New Grand Pantomime, LOVE'S DREAM; or, THE DAUGHTER OF THE KING WITHOUT A KINGDOM. Mrs. S. Lane; Misses Pollie Randall, J. Summers, M. Weatherburn, L. Rayner; Messrs. H. Evans, G. Yarnold, G. Lewis, G. B. Bigwood, F. Harrington, E. Drayton, T. Hyde. Principal Dancers: Messdames Luna and Stella. Harlequinade: Miss A. Mortimer; Messrs. F. Lay, H. Lemaire, and Tom Lovell. Concluding with JENNY WREN. Miss B. Adams; Messrs. J. Reynolds, E. Newbound. MORNING PERFORMANCE on MONDAY, at 1 o'clock.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, T. G. CLARK.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, Grand Christmas Pantomime, HARLEQUIN KING FROLIC, by H. Pettitt. Herbert Campbell, Arthur Williams, Monkhouse, Parker, Sennett, &c.; Messdames Du Maurier, M. Lotus, L. Elliott, Inch, Vernon, and M. A. Victor. J. M. Jones, R. Inch, F. Sims, Wilson, Pierro, Poluski.

MR. CARRODUS will give a Performance on the Violin at ST. JAMES'S HALL on THURSDAY EVENING, Jan. 20. Tickets, 5s., 3s., 1s., of Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street; Hay's, 26, Old Bond Street, and Royal Exchange Buildings; Keith, Prowse, and Co., Cheapside; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

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GREAT AND GLORIOUS TRIUMPH OF THE

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT.

Performances will be given throughout the present week.
EVERY DAY at 3 (until Jan. 13). EVERY NIGHT at 8,
throughout the Holidays.

Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.
No fees.

THE MOST GIGANTIC AND BRILLIANT ENTERTAINMENT
IN LONDON.

EVERY AFTERNOON at 3. EVERY NIGHT at 8.
(Until Jan. 13, when the Day Performances will be resumed in their regular order.)

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
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SEVENTY PERFORMERS.

Each one of known eminence.
PROUDLY DEFYING ALL RIVALRY.
Doors open at 2.30 and at 7.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.
—A MERRY CHRISTMAS, by Arthur Law, Music by King Hall; a New Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, A MUSICAL FAMILY; and SANDFORD AND MERTON'S XMAS PARTY, by F. C. Burnand, Music by A. Scott Gatty.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Admission 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s., 5s.

THE "GRAPHIC" SCHOOL OF ENGRAVING ON WOOD.—Some years ago a belief prevailed that before long wood-engraving would be superseded by various less costly processes. This belief, without doubt, deterred persons from embarking in a profession which they feared might before long prove unremunerative. Experience has shown that these fears were baseless. Wood-engraving holds, and is likely to continue to hold, its own against all competitors. But, meanwhile, there is a great scarcity at the present time of good engravers; and unless a practical effort is made to attract clever students into the profession, the most artistic work will fall into the hands of foreigners. For some time past the Proprietors of *The Graphic* have experienced an increasing difficulty in obtaining the assistance of high-class engravers, and they have therefore determined to form a School of Engraving, in which the students will be instructed for a term of five years. No premium will be required; but the candidates will be selected according to the merits of their drawings submitted, and after selection they will still have a fortnight's trial before being definitively accepted. After the first year, the students will be paid a sum (according to progress made) varying from £13 in the second, to £75 in the fifth year. The hours of attendance will be from 9 A.M. until 6 P.M., with an hour allowed for dinner; but students regularly attending evening classes at the Government Schools of Design will be allowed to leave at 5 P.M. Intending candidates must send in specimens of their drawings, stating whether they are original or copies, also age of candidate, addressed "To the Manager of *The Graphic*, 190, Strand, W.C.," and marked "Drawings for Competition."

SAVOY HOUSE.—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS by the GREAT MASTERS. Also Specimens of Reproductions in Chromolithography and Colour Printing, from the Paintings of the English, French, German, and Continental Schools. Catalogue post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

DORIS GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity."—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION" with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—WINTER EXHIBITION NOW OPEN, from Ten to Five Daily, at the SUFFOLK STREET GALLERIES, Pall Mall East. Admission One Shilling.

THOS. ROBERTS, Secretary.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE FIFTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION is now OPEN, from Ten till Six. Admission 1s.; Catalogue 6d. Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, S.W. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS, AND DECORATIVE DESIGNS BY LIVING ARTISTS, now OPEN daily, 10 to 6. Admission One Shilling. Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

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REMINISCENCES OF "GEORGE ELIOT"

WITHIN little more than twenty years the Christmas festivities of the English-speaking world have been thrice saddened by the unexpected death of a great writer. In 1859 Macaulay, in 1863 Thackeray, and in 1880 "George Eliot," were thus borne away to the invisible world.

For a long time the personality of "George Eliot" remained, as far as the outer public were concerned, shadowy and mysterious. When her "Scenes of Clerical Life" first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and rapidly attracted general attention, they were at first attributed to one or more living writers of reputation, and then were confidently assigned by a local authority to a gentleman residing at Nuneaton, on account of the intimate acquaintance which they displayed with that district. It is reported that the gentleman in question only faintly denied the flattering impeachment, and was in consequence made rather a lion of. But this rumour was speedily contradicted both by Messrs. Blackwood and by "George Eliot" himself.

For the writer was resolved to hide herself under a masculine disguise, and in the matter of sex she deceived most people. We remember a very competent critic at the time who averred that there was one thing certain about the authorship of the "Clerical Life" series, namely, that they were written by an elderly clergyman who was very fond of dogs.

Even when the sex of "George Eliot" had been revealed, people still clung to the clergyman legend. She had either been the daughter of a clergyman, or had been adopted by one of the cloth. Hence her minute insight into the peculiarities of the profession. The fact really is that in such cases outsiders see far more than insiders. That which to the latter is mere commonplace has to the former the charm of novelty. Mary Ann Evans, the observant daughter of Mr. Robert Evans, the highly-respected land-agent and surveyor of Nuneaton, was more likely to take photographic images of clergymen on the retentive plates of her memory than if she had been bred in a parsonage.

Considering that nowadays most of our female novelists rush into print while still in their teens, it is instructive to remember that Miss Evans stored up all these priceless Loamshire pictures which had been imprinted on her mental retina until she had attained the mature age of seven-and-thirty, before she began to exhibit them to the world at large. The earlier part of her life had been spent, as regards literature, in a very diverse field. She had been an industrious contributor to the *Westminster Review*, then the leading journal of "freethought," and had translated such heterodox works as Strauss's "Life of Jesus," and Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity." It is, however, a proof of the largeness of her intellect and the breadth of her sympathies that she displays in her novels none of the carping or sneering at Christianity which would almost certainly have characterised an inferior mind, educated amid such "agnostic" influences. On the contrary, she depicts her clergymen and the spiritual experiences of other of her characters with kindly and hearty sympathy. Yet, as far as her own views were concerned, although not going the whole length of some of the Comtists, she was an ardent believer in the "Religion of Humanity," and throughout all her novels there prevails the idea that the effect of our deeds extends

to the remotest generations, a conception which, if vividly realised, ought to induce human beings to keep the strictest watch over their actions, the consequences of such actions being, for good or for evil, everlasting.

The success of the "Scenes of Clerical Life" prompted further labours in the same direction. In 1859 "Adam Bede" appeared, of all "George Eliot's" works, perhaps the most popular favourite, though it is run hard both by "The Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner," which successively appeared in 1860 and 1861. "Romola" appeared in 1863. This story, the product of profound study and laborious research, has for its hero the Italian reformer Savonarola, to whom, by the way, the authoress bore a remarkable personal resemblance. The greatest genius, however, is handicapped when the scene of a story is laid in remote times and an unfamiliar country. "Romola" won a *suave d'estime*, but not the hearty appreciation accorded to its predecessors. Nor was there in "Felix Holt," published in 1866, anything equal to the inimitable humours of Mrs. Poyser and Mrs. Tulliver. "George Eliot's" two last novels were "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda," which appeared respectively in 1871 and 1876. Midland scenery was resorted to in "Middlemarch," but the humour was less genial than of yore. "Daniel Deronda" contained some admirable characters, but there was more "preaching" than novel readers care for, and the Jewish element of the book was rather boring. "George Eliot" also published some volumes of poetry, notably the "Spanish Gipsy" and the "Legend of Jubal," but those who were competent to decide pronounced that her verses, in spite of their other merits, lacked the indispensable gift of song. "Theophrastus Such," a volume of essays published last year, contains here and there a brilliant thought, but is on the whole heavy and disappointing.

After an intimacy of many years with the late George Henry Lewes, which was terminated by his death two years ago, Miss Evans recently married Mr. Cross. She was taken ill on Sunday, December 19th, at her house in Cheyne Walk, but her ailment excited no alarm until the following Wednesday, when inflammation of the heart came on, and she died at 10 P.M.

"Her personality," says a correspondent of the *Daily News*, "was fully as great and remarkable as her books. In every line of her face there was power, and the massiveness of her jaw and mouth might well have inspired awe but for the extreme graciousness of her smile. Her voice also was exquisitely melodious, but often raised not above a whisper. Her sensibility on the subject of her own works was so exquisite that she would not tolerate the faintest allusion to them in general society. An extraordinary delicacy pervaded her whole being. She seemed to live upon air, and the rest of her body was as light and fragile as her countenance and intellect were massive. She possessed to a marvellous degree the divine gift of charity, and, whatever her religious opinions, the 'Imitation of Christ' was one of her favourite books, found by the writer lying on her table by her empty chair after her death."

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GEORGE ELIOT

MARY ANN EVANS, whom the world has learned to know best as "George Eliot," was born at Chilvers Coton, near Nuneaton, Warwickshire, November 22nd, 1820. In that year her father, Mr. Robert Evans, came to reside at Griff, which is a hamlet of Coton. Griff House, the pleasant home where "George Eliot's" childhood was passed, stands midway between the manufacturing town of Nuneaton and the large mining village of Bedworth. Approaching from Nuneaton, the road descends between high banks of shaly rock into Griff Hollows, a romantic little valley "broken into capricious mounds and hollows by the workings of an exhausted stone quarry," not unlike the "Red Deeps" in "The Mill on the Floss." A very short distance beyond the Hollows, Griff House stands on the right, divided from the highway by pleasant lawn and shrubbery, and with well stored rick yard and substantial farm buildings at the rear.

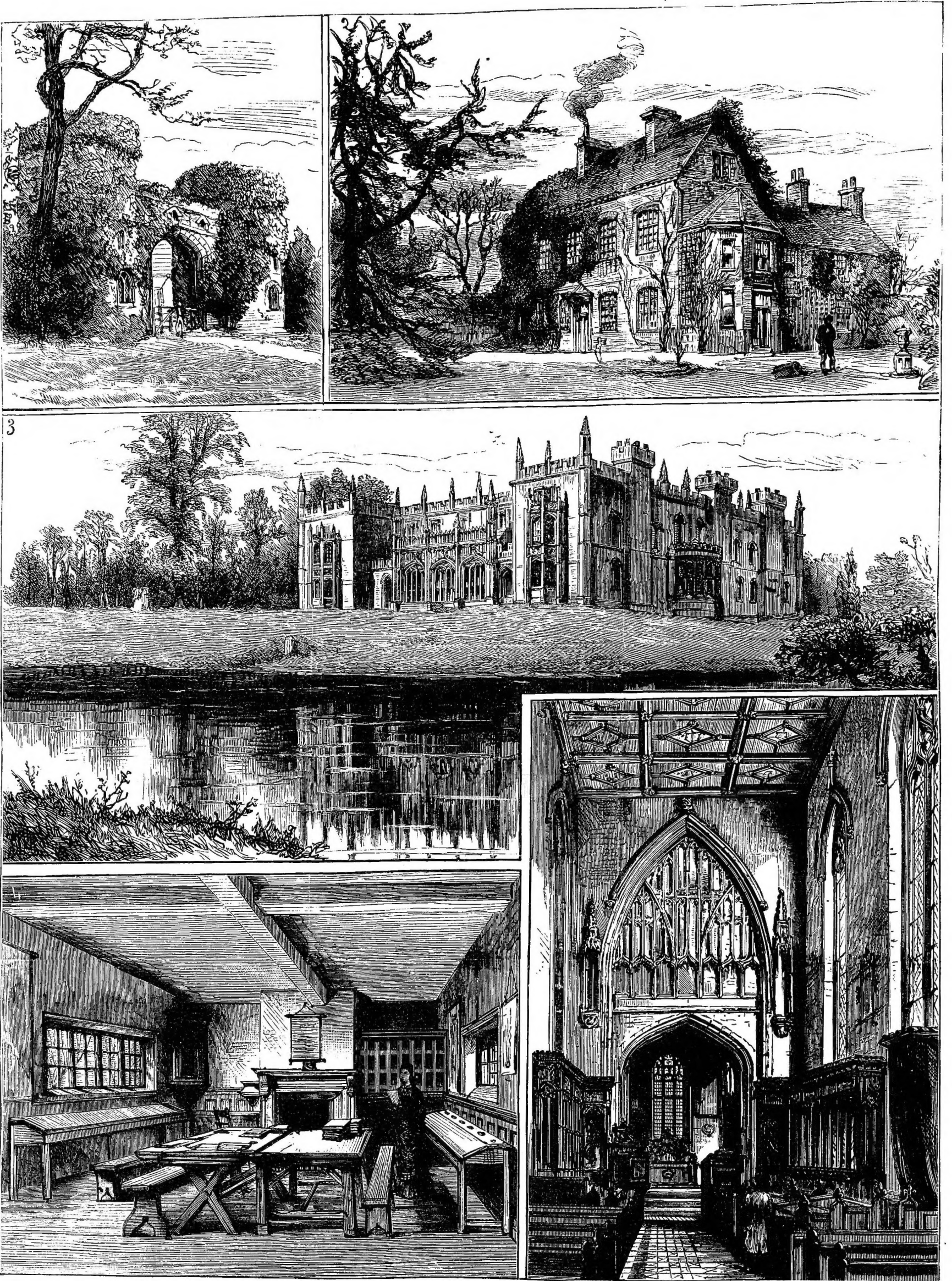
Mr. Robert Evans, who was one of a race of peasant craftsmen, came from Wirksworth, Derbyshire, where in the Wesleyan Chapel is a tablet to the memory of his cousin Elizabeth Evans, the prototype of "Dinah Morris." His early career was not unlike that of William Bede, and his physique, tall, broad-shouldered, with massive, strongly marked features, can hardly be described without recalling the figure of the stalwart young carpenter. Like Adam he was perhaps "a little lifted up and peppery," but like Caleb Garth he took an honourable pride in "the chance of getting a bit of the country into good fettle." In early life he won the confidence of the late Sir Roger Newdigate, Bart., and, from being entrusted with the supervision of the woods at Arbory, eventually became steward of the estate, and of the estates of other large landed proprietors in the county. Mrs. Evans is spoken of by some who remember her as a pleasant, comely woman, and a notable housewife. They had several children besides "George Eliot," and on the marriage of the son, Mr. Isaac Evans, Griff House was given up to him, Mr. Robert Evans, with the rest of his family, removing to Foleshill, near Coventry. Mr. Isaac Evans still resides at Griff House, and carries on his father's profession. One of his sons, who is associated with him in the business, lives at Caldwell, Nuneaton, and is the genial and popular captain of the Nuneaton Rifle Volunteers. Another of "George Eliot's" nephews is Rector of Bedworth, where among a class of men as rough as the "Spoxton miners" he has established one of the best workmen's clubs in the Midlands.

ARBURY HALL ("CHEVEREL MANOR")

BESIDE Griff House, a lane with a broad margin of green on either hand, and overshadowed by fine trees, leads to the lodge gate which gives entrance to Arbory Park. The Park, a tract of the ancient Arden, is girdled by thick woods, now knee-deep with withered ferns. Gnarled oak and branching elm, scions of the denizens of the primeval forest, "fling their dark arms across the world." Every turn of the winding drives discloses some new charm of picturesque wildness, till unexpectedly the stately Hall is seen now from this point, now from that, and ever presenting some fresh beauty of outline against the sky above, or the dark pine woods beyond. Sir Roger Newdigate, the early patron of Robert Evans, had inherited a large quadrangular brick house with piles of chimneys projecting from each front. This building he converted into a noble specimen of modern compendious Gothic architecture. Sir Roger was his own architect, and employed only country workmen to carry out his designs. We can hardly be mistaken in supposing that Sir Roger Newdigate was present in the mind of "George Eliot" when she wrote:—

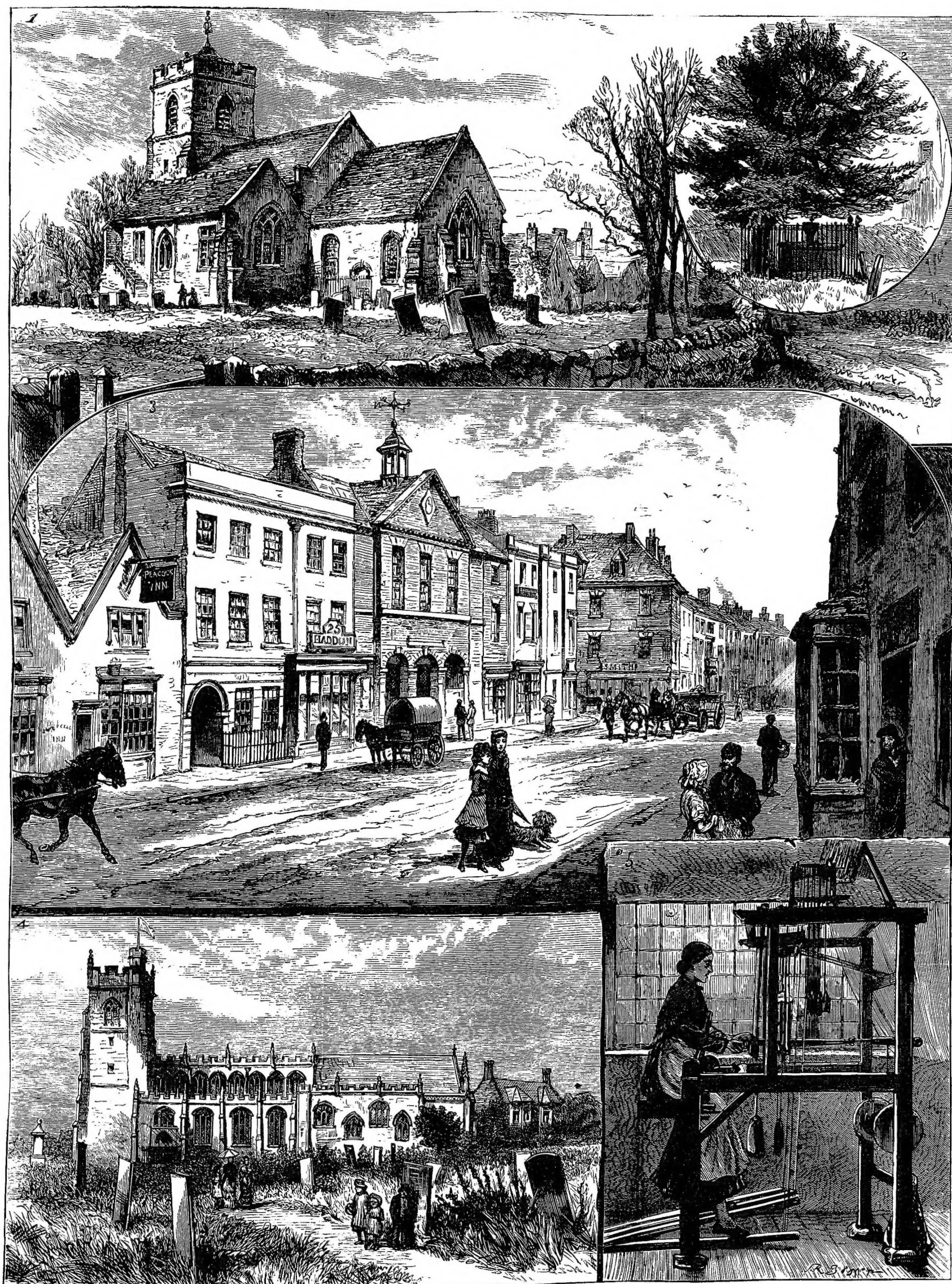
"An obstinate crotchety man" said his neighbours, but I, who have seen Cheverel Manor as he bequeathed it to his heirs, rather attribute that unswerving architectural purpose of his, conceived and carried out through long years of systematic personal exertion, to something of the fervour of genius as well as inflexibility of will; and in walking through these rooms, with their meagre furniture, which tell how all the spare money had been absorbed before personal comfort was thought of, I have felt that there dwelt in this old English baronet some of that sublime spirit which distinguishes art from luxury, and worships beauty apart from self-indulgence."—*Scenes in Clerical Life*—"Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story."

Sir Roger and Lady Newdigate were childless, and they brought up and educated a young girl, the daughter of a cottager in the neighbourhood, whose fine voice attracted the attention of Lady Newdigate, as the child was singing at the cottage door. Happily her after-life had little in common with that of the hapless "Caterina," excepting her passionate love of music.



1. LODGE GATE OF ARBURY PARK ("Cheverel Manor").—2. GRIFF HOUSE, where "George Eliot" was born.—3. ARBURY HALL ("Cheverel Manor") ("... the castellated house of grey-tinted stone, with the flickering sunbeams sending dashes of golden light across the many-shaped panes in the mullioned windows."—*Mr. Gilfil's Love Story*, Chap. II.)—4. INTERIOR OF SCHOOLROOM, THE ELMS, NUNEATON, where "George Eliot" was (partly) educated.—5. ASTLEY CHURCH, "THE LANTHORN OF ARDEN," INTERIOR VIEW ("Knebley . . . a wonderful little church, with a chequered pavement, with coats of arms in clusters on the lofty roof, marble warriors and their wives without noses occupying a large proportion of the area, and the Twelve Apostles, with their heads very much on one side, holding didactic ribbons painted in fresco on the walls."—*Mr. Gilfil's Love Story*, Chap. I.)

REMINISCENCES OF "GEORGE ELIOT"



1. CHILVERS COTON CHURCH AND VICARAGE. ("Shepperton Church as it was in the old days, with its outer coat of rough stucco, its red-tiled roof, its heterogeneous windows patched with desultory bits of painted glass, and its little flight of steps, with their wooden rail running up the outer wall, and leading to the schoolchildren's gallery."—*Amos Barton*, Chap. I.).—2. "MILLY'S GRAVE," CHILVERS COTON CHURCHYARD.—3. MARKET PLACE, NUNEATON. ("Milby . . . was a dingy-looking town, with a strong smell of tanning up one street, and a great shaking of handlooms up another, and even in that focus of Aristocracy, Friar's Gate, the houses would not have seemed very imposing."—*Janet's Repentance*, Chap. II.).—4. NUNEATON CHURCH AND VICARAGE ("Milby"). ("Old Mr. Crewe, the curate, in a brown Brutus wig, delivered inaudible sermons on a Sunday, and on a weekday imparted the education of a gentleman to three pupils in the Upper Grammar School."—*Janet's Repentance*, Chap. II.).—5. RIBBON WEAVER, Single Hand-Loom. ("Every other cottage had a loom at its window, where you might see a pale, sickly-looking man or woman pressing a narrow chest against a board, and doing a sort of treadmill work with legs and arms."—*Amos Barton*, Chap. II.).

REMINISCENCES OF "GEORGE ELIOT"

REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE TRANSVAAL are being rapidly got ready. On Thursday last week Sir Hercules Robinson, the new Governor of the Cape, and several military officers, left Southampton

in the *German*. On Tuesday the *Dublin Castle* started from Blackwall, loaded with passengers, stores, and ammunition, and the *Duart Castle*, which will also be partly utilised for Government service, leaves next week. The troops—the 6th Dragoons and the 94th Foot—will embark at Woolwich on Monday on board the transport vessels *Queen*, *Hankow*, and *Ararat*, which are all to leave on Tuesday, whilst the *Palmyra*, with more men of the same corps, will leave Portsmouth on Wednesday. Lieut.-Colonel Law, C.B., R.A., goes out to command the Royal Artillery, and Captain H. G. Andoe, R.N., proceeds to Port Durban to act as transport officer and beachmaster. On Wednesday Lord Kimberley, replying to a deputation representing the Protestant Missionary Societies of France and Switzerland, whose object was to draw attention to the injurious effect on Christian Missions produced by the Basuto War, said that instructions had been given to Sir Hercules Robinson to avail himself of any opportunity that might present itself of settling the dispute in an amicable fashion. It was most important that tranquillity should be restored to South Africa, and it was his earnest desire to promote the establishment of peace.

THE FENIAN SCARE.—There seems to be some danger of the Reign of Terror spreading from Ireland into England, all sorts of alarming rumours have been set afloat during the last few days, but happily those of the most serious nature have been promptly contradicted. The alleged attempt to blow up the *Lord Warden*, guardship in the Forth, by means of a torpedo, is declared to be without foundation; and the fact that in one or two places the rifles belonging to Volunteer corps have been removed from their respective armouries and stored at police-stations or military barracks, is explained to have resulted simply from the lapse of certain leases of the head-quarters, and not from any apprehended attack by Fenians. It is, however, stated that in obedience to a War Office circular double guards are mounted night and day at the various head-quarters of Volunteer regiments in London, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Glasgow, and other large towns, and if there be any intention on the part of the Fenians to make a raid upon them, they will doubtless meet with a very warm reception. It is alleged that the Fenians of Birmingham have lately been very active in buying up old Enfield rifles sold by the Government, and getting them converted into breechloaders. At Pontefract, on Sunday last, a Roman Catholic priest prefaced his sermon with a denunciation of secret societies, and said if he found any one joining he should publish their names at the church door, and communicate with the police.

MR. L. H. COURTNEY, M.P., has been appointed Under Secretary at the Home Office.

SIR F. ROBERTS has this week been on a visit to the Mayor of Liverpool. On Monday he was entertained at a public banquet at the Town Hall, and on Tuesday visited several of the public institutions of the city, and in the evening was present at the Mayor's "At Home" at the Town Hall.

THE STEAMSHIP "BRAZILIAN," laden with cattle from Boston, on Tuesday ran aground on the Burbo Bank in the Mersey during a fog. She broke in halves almost immediately, but her freight was transhipped to tugs and taken to Birkenhead. The *Hispania* from Bombay touched the Burbo Bank on the same day, but was got off without injury.

A FATAL GAS EXPLOSION, which is supposed to have originated in a leakage from a broken main pipe, occurred on Saturday in Henderson Street, Glasgow. Five persons were killed and ten injured, while two houses were completely destroyed, and several others so shaken and torn as render them unsafe. Some twenty families were thus rendered houseless, eight of whom have besides lost nearly all their furniture.

THE PEN-Y-GRAG COLLIERY DISASTER.—On Tuesday the ninety-seventh body was removed from the pit, and an official inspection of the workings was made by the Deputy Government Inspectors. The Relief Fund as yet only amounts to 1,600*l.*, including 25*l.* from Mr. Plimsoll, that being the sum sent to him by the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* in payment for his article on colliery explosions in the December number of that magazine.

TWO SESSIONS—1846, 1881

It is a long time since Parliament met in circumstances of greater public interest than marked the gathering of Thursday. It was no wonder that the attendance of members of both Houses should have been exceptionally large, and that the public thronged all the approaches to Westminster Hall in the hope of catching a glimpse of the men about to take part in the momentous struggle. For a parallel to the occasion it is necessary to go back to the year 1846. On that occasion the parallel runs close enough, for then as now Ireland was in a condition that made necessary the introduction of a Coercion Bill. In point of national interest it must be admitted that the Session of 1846 was a graver moment than that upon which Parliament has just entered. It was the year when Sir Robert Peel brought in his Free Trade Resolutions, and the public gaze was for the time centred upon this part of the Ministerial programme. Nevertheless the Coercion Bill, at first a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, presently developed till it grew black enough and thick enough to overshadow the fate of the Ministry, and bring to an end the career of Sir Robert Peel.

Looking back at the Parliamentary Reports of this Session thirty-five years gone by, we see more clearly than ever that there is nothing new under the sun, especially in Ireland. Mr. Forster's speech, in which he will introduce the Coercion Bill, will, if we may judge from facts within common information, seem curiously like an echo of the address delivered by Sir James Graham when introducing the Coercion Bill which wrecked the Ministry of Sir Robert Peel. The tabulation of outrages will probably be the same, though we may find some comfort in the fact that they will not foot up to the figures quoted by the Irish Secretary of Peel's time. From that statement it appeared that during the years 1844 and 1845 there had been 242 cases of firing at the person, 248 cases of aggravated assault, 710 of robbery of arms, 79 bands of men appearing in arms, 282 cases of administering unlawful oaths, 2,306 of sending threatening letters, 737 of attacking houses, and 705 cases of firing into houses. Mr. Forster's indictment will be of a nature bad enough. But it is certain it cannot come up to this. With the advance of civilisation Irish outrages have assumed a form which does not so readily lend itself to tabulation. In 1846 the science of "Boycotting" was as yet undiscovered, and the more vulgar ways of ruining a man by attacking his house and breaking his head were more in vogue. The proposals of the Government to meet this case were short and sharp. Supreme control was vested in the hands of the Executive, the Lord Lieutenant having power to proclaim any district where these outrages were prevalent. When a district was proclaimed, the hand of the law closed round it with a firm grip. Inns and taverns might be at any time entered by the police, and searched for obnoxious persons. All persons found out of their houses between sunset and sunrise were liable to apprehension; and when an outrage had taken the form of murder, the district was mulcted in a heavy fine, which went as compensation to the relatives of the victim.

This Bill was first introduced in the House of Lords, through which it rapidly passed, and was brought in in the Commons on April 30th. Between the two claims of urgency Sir Robert Peel selected to deal with Free Trade first, a circumstance which gave an

opening for the practice of those tactics since known to fame as Obstruction. If in the year 1846 any part of the United Kingdom especially needed Free Trade in corn it was Ireland, already starving. Sir Robert Peel proposed practically to abolish the Corn Laws. But instead of receiving support from the Irish members they joined in a compact with the Protectionists to endeavour to secure the suspension of the Corn Laws for three months only. The object of this simply was to bring about a crisis that would prevent progress with the Coercion Bill. This, however, failed, though a division was taken on the First Reading, when the strangely allied forces of high Tories and Revolutionary Irish members mustered 125. The minority would have been 126 but for a little accident that happened to Mr. Smith O'Brien. That gentleman had refused to serve on a Committee, and, persisting in his refusal, was committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. The extreme anxiety displayed by the House of Commons in modern days to get rid of a prisoner as speedily as possible after they had caught him did not exist in 1846. According to the mandate of the Speaker, Mr. Smith O'Brien was remitted to custody "in the cellar of the House," and there remained for twenty-five days, being the full period during which sat the Committee he had declined to assist by his counsel. He came out just in time to witness the fall of the great Minister who had been all powerful when he first retired to "the cellar."

The debate on this elder Coercion Bill was remarkable amongst other things for an animated passage of arms which took place between Mr. Disraeli and Sir Robert Peel. At this date Coningsby was not quite two years old. Its young author was the delight of society and the marvel of the House of Commons. He had broken with Sir Robert Peel on Free Trade, and had inspired Lord George Bentinck with some of those epigrammatic sentences and glittering perorations with which the stolid sportsman sometimes varied the level flow of his speech. No one could prod the Premier with greater success than the ringleted and over-dressed but already middle-aged youth, who had but recently (as Sir Robert Peel in a scathing passage reminded the House) withdrawn from solicitation for office. Having drawn the sword he threw away the scabbard, and night after night whilst the Coercion Bill was in Committee he attacked the Premier. "When," he cried, "shall we see another Canning, a man who ruled the House as a high-bred steed? The temper of the House is not now as spirited as it was then, and I am not surprised that the culture rules where once the eagle reigned." This is a style of Parliamentary antithesis which in these later and more diplomatic days finds its nearest parallel in some of the genial outbursts of Mr. Bigger. But when the hon. member for Cavan calls names there is an outcry of horror in the House of Commons. When the member for Maidstone thirty-four years ago alluded to the Premier as a culture there was not, as far as Hansard bears testimony, any expression of opinion on the part of the House.

The division on the Bill took place on the 25th of June, when it was thrown out by 292 votes against 219. The majority was composed of a remarkable combination of Radicals like Mr. Cobden, Whigs like Lord John Russell, high Tories like Lord George Bentinck, and Irish Repealers like Mr. Shiel. Lord Beaconsfield, who from his seat as leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords witnessed on Thursday the opening of the Session of 1881, has drawn a vivid and memorable picture of the scene of this division. "But it was not," he writes in his *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, "merely their numbers that attracted the anxious observation of the Treasury Bench as the Protectionists passed in file before the Minister to the hostile lobby. It was impossible that he could have marked them without emotion: the flower of the great party which had been so proud to follow one who had been so proud to lead them. They had been not only his followers but his friends; had joined in the same pastimes, drank from the same cup, and in the pleasantness of private life had often forgotten together the cares and strife of politics. He must have felt something of this while the Mannings, the Somersets, the Bentincks, the Lowthers, and the Lennoxes passed before him."

Peel immediately afterwards resigned, leaving to his successors the duty of dealing with disorder in Ireland. In the mean time the gravity of affairs had greatly deepened. The famine had manifested itself, and Ireland was the scene of anarchy and distress, by comparison with which its condition to-day is positively prosperous. We have heard much of late of denunciation of Mr. Gladstone for not taking steps sufficiently prompt in dealing with the condition of Ireland; just in the same way as a year ago Lord Beaconsfield and his Government were denounced because, as alleged, they had not been ready in dealing with the distress then current. What the feeling was against the Ministry in 1847 will be gathered from the fact that a tramp having died from starvation on the roadside in Galway, the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder against Lord John Russell, then Premier.

The Liberal Government of 1847, acknowledging the greater prevalence of distress as compared with crime, determined to give precedence to their Relief Bill as against the Coercion Bill. But the Coercion Bill followed in due course. Sir George Grey introduced it on November 29, 1847, in a statement which showed that outrages of all kinds, from robberies of arms to cruel murders, had wofully increased during the last twelve months. More fortunate than their predecessors, Lord John Russell's Government carried their Coercion Bill through all its stages in the Commons within a fortnight, and the Lords speedily placed it in a form to receive the Royal Assent. Whether the parallel here broadly indicated will be carried out, and a Liberal Government, succeeding in these days to a Conservative, will in their first full Session carry out their legislation in Ireland, and live to do other work, remains to be seen. A week hence we shall know not only all about the Land Bill and the Coercion Bill, but something of their prospects in Parliament and the country. Whatever legislation any Government may attempt for Ireland, it remains true that it cannot take a sounder basis than is to be found in a passage from a letter written by Lord John Russell in 1846. He was writing to the Duke of Leinster, and speaking of the Irish people he said:—"They should be taught to take advantage of the favourable condition of their soil and surrounding sea; to work patiently for themselves in their own country, as they work in London and Liverpool for their employers; to study economy, cleanliness, and the value of time; and to aim at improving the condition of themselves and their children."

HENRY W. LUCY

NOT AN ADVERTISEMENT.—We print the following, which has just reached *The Graphic* Office, as a curiosity, but we don't promise the "party by the name of Johnson" similar publicity in future, especially as there is rather a Boycotting flavour in his threat about "papers being remembered."—"January 3rd, 1881. For many years, when Editor of *The Stationer and Fancy Trades' Register*, and also when Editor of the well-known *Scholastic Papers*, &c., I ever did my best respecting all preliminary press notices and reviews of works, written by Editors. I therefore feel assured of your best help. Papers that give notices will be remembered when advertisements are given out.—JAMES JOHNSON, 1A, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, London. 'Press Announcement. James Johnson, Author of "Tales from Fairyland," &c., has in the press a comic novelette: "Larkins and the Drama," with over 70 original illustrations by A. Bouchette. The work is a shilling one, and will be published by H. S. Phillips, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, London.' 'N.B.—This is not an Advertisement, but a press notice: papers sent with this notice marked will be remembered when advertisements are given out.'"



A POSTHUMOUS NOVEL BY GEORGE SAND, only half-finished, will shortly be published in Madame Edmond Adam's *Nouvelle Revue*.

CREMATION IN GERMANY continues to gain favour, for at Gotha last month a fresh case was reported, making the thirty-fourth in two years.

"GEORGE ELIOT" has left behind her a complete translation of Spinoza's "Ethics," executed during the Strauss and Feuerbach period, the *Athenaeum* tells us.

THE SURVEYORSHIP OF THE QUEEN'S PICTURES, lately resigned by Mr. Redgrave, R.A. has been conferred on Mr. J. C. Robinson, formerly Superintendent of the South Kensington Art Collections.

CHURCH-GOING IN TORONTO was seriously affected by Lord Beaconsfield's latest work. "Endymion" was first put on sale in that city on a Saturday night, and next morning half the churches were empty. At least so says the *American*.

EELS are the national dish for Christmas Eve in Italy, no pious Catholic failing to make a sumptuous supper off this favourite dish on his return from visiting the Bambino. On New Year's Day superstitious Italians eat seven times, in order to secure plenty of food during the coming year.

A CURIOUS NEW YEAR'S CUSTOM is still kept up at Oxford. The members of Queen's College are entertained at dinner in the college hall, and to each guest present the provost hands a needle threaded with either red, black, or blue silk, representing Divinity, Medicine, and Law, with the injunction, "Take this and be thrifty."

THE MIRACLES OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES have now extended to Eastern climes, and Roman Catholics at Singapore are in high glee over the sudden recovery of a novice in the convent there, who after a long illness was despaired of by her doctors, and yet was suddenly restored to health by drinking some of the water from the renowned French shrine.

ROYAL AUTHORS have been particularly industrious of late. King Oscar of Sweden has published a collection of verses, "Poems and Leaflets from my Journal;" King Louis of Portugal has added *Richard the Third* to his other Shakespearian translations, the profits of which are devoted to charity; and Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria has brought out a fresh volume on bird life and habits.

A TRADITIONAL HAUNT OF JACK SHEPPARD has just disappeared—The Old Lion Inn, Wych Street, Drury Lane, and an adjoining carpenter's shop, in which it is believed the young burglar was apprenticed. Both these buildings have been pulled down to make room for warehouses, as well as a large rambling house in the court behind containing most curious staircases and carved and painted panels.

A MAGNIFICENT STATUE OF MINERVA VICTORIOUS, by Phidias, is stated to have been unearthed in Greece, and although details are wanting, it appears likely that the statue is the bronze one erected on the Acropolis in honour of the victory of Marathon. Phidias executed no fewer than eight statues of Athena. And talking of Greek antiquities, the Trojan treasures of Dr. Schliemann, now removed from South Kensington, will be definitively housed in the new Ethnological Museum being built at Berlin, as the Doctor has presented them to Emperor William.

A QUANT "BALLET OF THE VIRGIN" is danced yearly in Seville Cathedral on December 8th, one of the Virgin's feasts. The ceremony takes place between two high Masses, which a correspondent of the *American Register* describes as being celebrated with extra pomp. Twelve little boys dressed in the costume of Spanish noblemen of the fifteenth century—knee-breeches of green silk, scarlet satin doublets and cloaks, silver swords and plumed hats—arranged themselves at the foot of the altar and danced a graceful measure not unlike a minuet. The dancers also sang and played the castanets, while a fine orchestra accompanied the proceedings.

ART FOR THE PEOPLE.—The Hanover Gallery, New Bond Street, will be open free to-day (Saturday), from 3 to 8 P.M., to persons engaged in the City and West End Banks, and wholesale warehouses, on presentation of their employers' card, or other necessary credentials. And in Birmingham the Permanent Art Gallery Scheme prospers so well that a donation of 10,000*l.* for the purchase of works of art has just been received from a certain firm, who had promised 5,000*l.* on condition that the Gallery should be immediately commenced, and a like sum when the town itself contributed 5,000*l.* The public subscriptions have now reached 6,600*l.*, and the promise has accordingly been fulfilled.

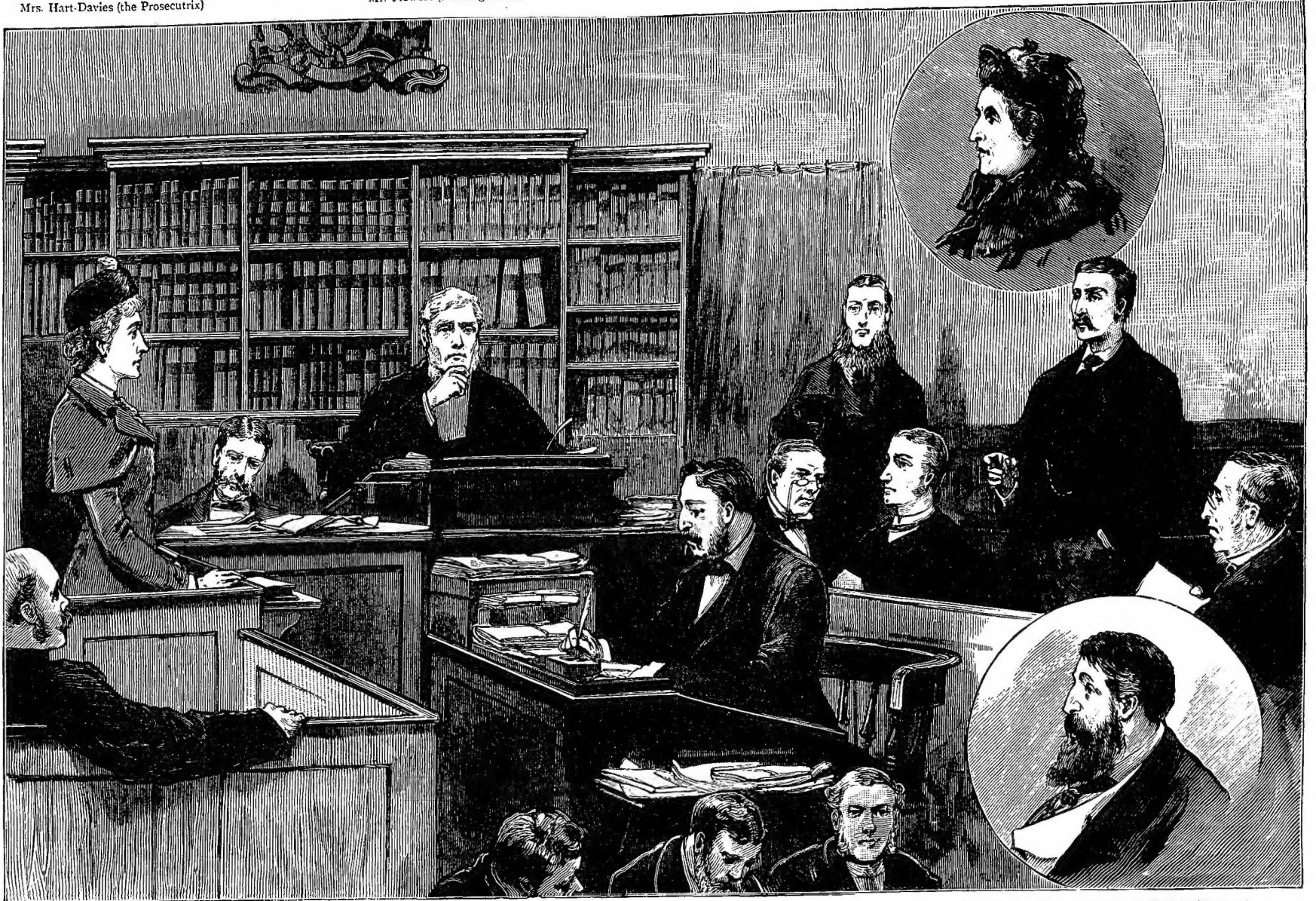
ENGLISH LITERATURE DURING 1880, Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.'s *Publishers' Circular*, tells us, was scarcely so productive as in the previous year, the new books and fresh editions being 15,708 or 126 fewer than in 1879. Of these 4,293 were new productions and 1,415 reprints. Theology heads the list with 708 new books and 267 reprints; and educational and classical works follow with 507 fresh publications and 168 reprints. Children's books are numerous—564 new and 155 reprints, but there is a comparatively scanty amount of fiction—380 new novels and 200 fresh editions. Artistic, scientific, and illustrated works numbered 362 new books and 117 reprints; history and biography, 286 and 77; travels and geography, 211 and 74; political economy, commerce, &c., 204 and 22; poetry and the drama, 132 and 55; law and jurisprudence, 87 and 58; medicine, 148 and 54; year books and serials, 353; belles lettres, essays, &c., 80 and 85; miscellaneous and pamphlets, 271 and 82.

BURKE'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, AND KNIGHTAGE.—The forty-third edition of this invaluable work (published by Messrs. Harrison, Pall Mall), to praise which would be superfluous, is now before us. In spite of Irish troubles, the Ulster King-of-Arms, Sir Bernard Burke, is as indefatigable as ever in Dublin Castle, and the recent change of Government must have added considerably to his labours, as the Conservative Ministry at the moment of their downfall sent forth a series of coronations, bestowing honours plentifully upon their staunch adherents. "Only one year during the last half century," observes Sir Bernard, "has added so largely to the roll of hereditary rank as 1880." There have been seventeen new Peerages, and twelve new Baronetcies. Sixteen Peers (two of whose titles became extinct), one Peeress (in her own right), and twenty-one Baronets died during the year.

LONDON MORTALITY has declined and increased respectively during the two last weeks, and 1,242 and 1,648 deaths have been registered against 1,377, during the previous seven days being 666 and 224 below the average, and at the rate of 17.7 and 23.5 per 1,000. This latter increase was probably caused by delay of registration owing to Christmas. There were 2,057 and 2,517 births registered being 404 below, and 307 above the average. The mean temperature last week was 40.6 deg., and 1.9 deg. above the average. There were 17 deaths last week from small-pox (23 below the average) 67 from measles, 61 from scarlet fever, 10 from diphtheria, 16 from whooping-cough (55 below the average), 14 from different forms of fever, and 15 from diarrhoea. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs rose from 290 to 353, but were 183 below the average, 218 were attributed to bronchitis, and 82 to pneumonia. The small-pox epidemic continues to increase, and the number of patients in the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals, which has been steadily rising for nine weeks, further rose from 380 to 440, a higher number than at any time since the end of June, 1878.

Mrs. Hart-Davies (the Prosecutrix)

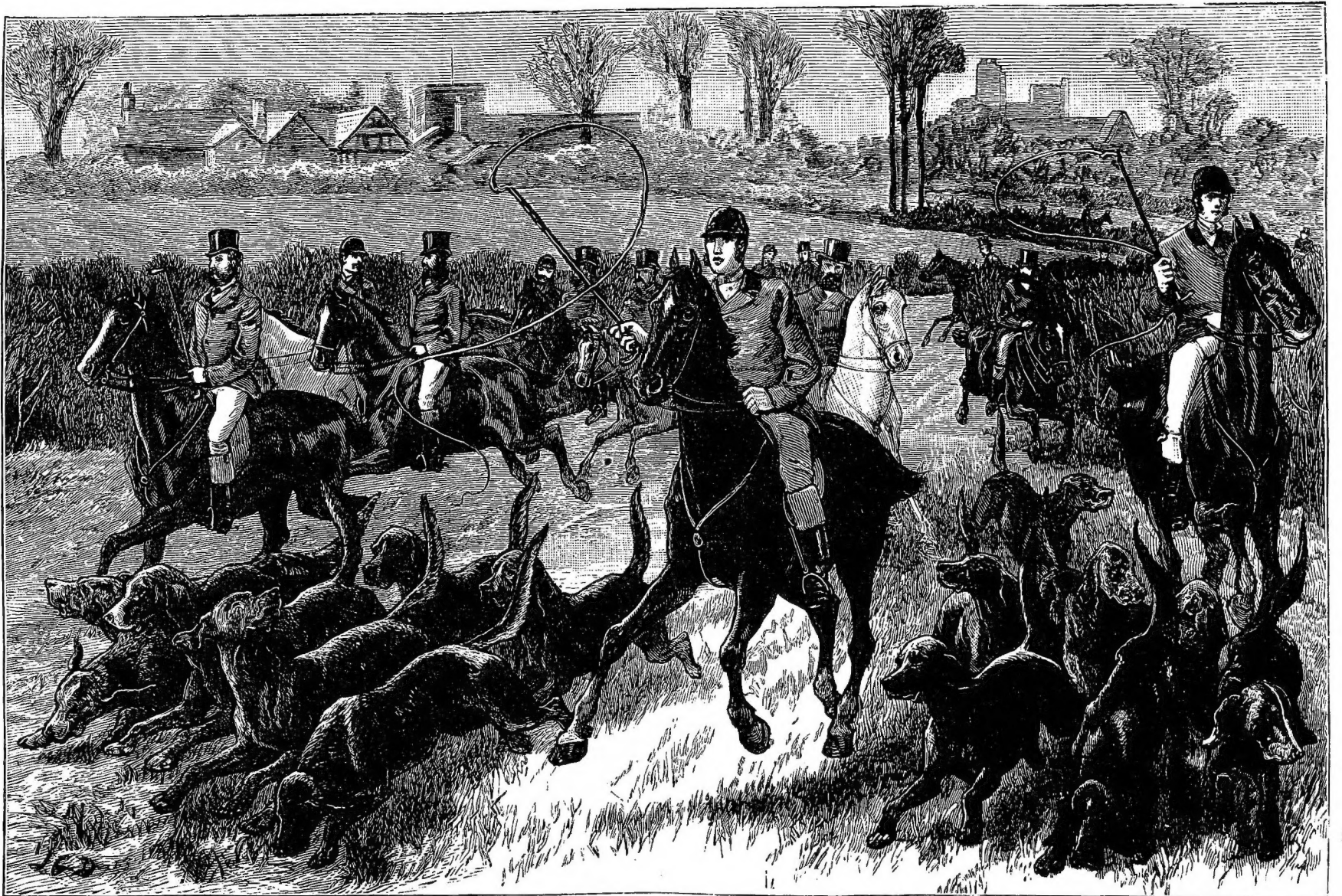
Mr. Flowers (the Magistrate)

Mrs. Willis Fletcher (the Accused)
Mr. S. B. Abrahams (Prosecuting Counsel)

Mr. Alexander (Clerk of the Court)

Mr. St. John Wontner (Prosecutor on behalf of the Treasury)
Mr. E. Dillon Lewis (Defending Counsel)

THE ALLEGED SPIRITUALISTIC FRAUDS: SKETCH AT BOW STREET POLICE COURT



A MEET OF LORD CARINGTON'S BLOODHOUNDS AT PENN, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE



DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

St. James's Park was crowded with gallant gentlemen whose wigs and silken coats were a proper set-off to the hoops and satins of the ladies.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," "THE MONKS OF THELEMA," ETC., ETC

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW KITTY SPENT HER TIME

As soon as they were settled together, and the ladies had decided in their own minds that the girl would lighten their lives, they resolved that Kitty's education must not be neglected, and for this end began to devise such a comprehensive scheme as would have required the staff of a whole university to carry through. Everything was set down (upon a slate) which it behoved a girl to know. Unfortunately the means at their disposal did not allow of this great scheme. Thus it was fitting that music should be taught: Mrs. Deborah had once been a proficient on the spinnet, but there was no spinnet to be had; the French tongue forms part of polite education, but though both ladies had learned it of old, their memory was defective, and they had neither dictionary nor grammar nor any book in the language; limning, both with pencil and in water-colours, should be taught, but the sisters could neither of them draw, and hardly knew a curve from a straight line. Calligraphy is almost a necessary, but the handwriting of both ladies was tremulous, and of antiquated fashion; they knew not the modern Italian hand. There was in the Rules a professor in the art, and an attempt was made to get lessons from him. But he was already old and hastening to the grave, which speedily closed over him; his hand shook, because he drank strong waters; his coat was stained with beer and punch; his wig smelt always of tobacco.

Mrs. Deborah undertook, as a beginning, to teach the girl book-keeping by single and double entry. How or why she ever came to learn this science has never been understood. Yet she knew it, and was proud of it.

"It is a science," she said, "which controls the commerce of the world. By its means we made rich; by the aid of book-keeping we apportion the profit and the loss, which are the rewards of the prudent or the punishment of the thriftless. Without book-keeping, my dear, the mysteries and methods of which I am about to impart to you, neither a Whittington, nor a Gresham, nor even a Pimpernel, would have risen to be Lord Mayor of London."

Kitty only imperfectly grasped the rudiments of the science. No doubt, had she been placed in a position of life where it was required, she would have found it eminently useful. Mrs. Esther, for her part, taught her embroidery and sampler work. As for preserving, pickling, making of pastry and home-made wines, cookery, distilling, and so forth, although the sisters had been in their younger days notable, it was impossible to teach these arts, because, even if there had been anything to pickle or preserve, there was only one sitting-room in which to do it. Therefore, to her

present sorrow, Kitty speedily forgot all that she had formerly learned in the still-room at Lady Levett's. For there is no station so exalted in which a lady is not the better for knowing the way in which such things should be done, if it is only that she may keep her maids in order. And if, as the learned Dr. Johnson hath informed us, a lady means one who dispenses gifts of hospitality and kindness, there is another reason why she should know the value of her gifts. There is something divine in the contemplation of the allotment of duty to the two sexes: man must work, build up, invent, and acquire, for women to distribute, administer, and divide.

As for reading, they had a book on the history of England, with the cover off, and wanting the title-page with several chapters. There was one of those still remaining in which the author exhorted his readers (her teachers told the girl that the admonition belonged to women as well as men) never to grow faint or to weary in defence of their Liberties. She ignorantly confounded the Liberties of the country with the Liberties of the Fleet, and could not avoid the reflection that a woman would certainly put more heart in her defence of the Liberties if these were cleaner, and if there were fewer men who swore and got drunk. There were also a Bible and a Church Prayer-book; there were three odd volumes of "Sermons;" and there were besides odd volumes of romances, poems, and other works which Mr. Solomon Stallabras was able to lend.

Mrs. Deborah added to her knowledge of book-keeping some mastery over the sublime science of astronomy. By standing on chairs at the window when the west wind blew the fogs away and the sky was clear, it was possible to learn nearly everything that she had to teach. The moon was sometimes visible, and a great many of the stars, because, looking over the market, the space was wide. Among them were the Polar Star, the Great Bear, Orion's belt, and Cassiopeia's chair. It was elevating to the soul on such occasions to watch the heavenly bodies, and to listen while Mrs. Deborah discoursed on the motions of the planets and the courses of the stars.

"The moon, my dear," she would say, "originally hung in the heavens by the hand of the Creator, goes regularly every four weeks round the sun, while the sun goeth daily round the earth: when the sun is between the earth and the moon (which happens accidentally once a month or thereabouts), part of the latter body is eclipsed: wherefore it is then of a crescent-shape: the earth itself goes round something—I forget what—every year; while the planets, according to Addison's hymn, go once a year, or perhaps he means once a month, round the moon. This is the reason why they are seen in different positions in the sky. And I believe I am right in saying that if you look steadily at the Great Bear,

you may plainly see that every night it travels once about the earth at least, or it may be oftener at different seasons. When we reflect"—here she quoted from recollection—"that these bodies are so far distant from us, that we cannot measure the space between; that some of them are supposed to be actually greater than our own world; that they are probably inhabited by men and women like ourselves; that all their movements round each other are regular, uniform, never intermittent—how ought we to admire the wisdom and strength of the Almighty Hand which placed them there!"

Then she repeated, with becoming reverence, the words of Mr. Addison, the Christian poet, beginning:

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

In such meditations and exercises did these imprisoned ladies seek to raise their souls above the miseries of their lot. Indeed, one may think there is nothing which more tends to make the mind contented and to prevent repining, than to feel the vastness of nature, the depths and height of knowledge open to man's intellect, the smallness of one's self, and the wisdom of God. And although poor Mrs. Deborah's astronomy was, as has been seen, a jumble; although she knew so little, indeed, of constellations or of planets, that the child did not learn to distinguish Jupiter from the Pole Star, and never could understand (until that ingenious gentleman, who lately exhibited an orrery in Piccadilly, taught her) how the planets and stars could go round the moon, and the moon round the sun, and the sun round the earth, without knocking against and destroying one another, she must be, and is, deeply grateful for the thoughts which the good lady awakened.

In all things the sisters endeavoured to keep up the habits and manners of gentleness. The dinner was at times scanty, yet was it served on a fair white cloth, with plates and knives orderly placed: a grace before the meat and a grace after.

In the afternoon, when dinner was eaten, the cloth removed, and the plates washed, they were able sometimes to sally forth and take a walk. In the summer afternoons it was, as has been said, pleasant to walk to the gardens of Gray's Inn. But when they ventured to pass through the market there was great choice for them. The daily service in the afternoons at St. Paul's was close at hand: here, while the body was refreshed with the coolness of the air, the mind was calmed with the peace of the church, and the

soul elevated by the chanting of the white-robed choristers and the canons, while the organ echoed in the roof. After the service they would linger among the tombs, of which there are not many. One there is, however, which bears the famous Latin inscription, "*Si monumentum quaris, circumspice.*"

"I knew him," Mrs. Esther would whisper, standing before the great man's monument. "He was a friend of my father's, and he often came and talked, my sister and myself being then but little, on the greatness of astronomy, geometry, and architecture. In the latter years of his life he would sit in the sunshine, gazing on the noble cathedral he had built. Yet, grand as it is, he would still lament that his earlier plans, which were grander still, had not been accepted."

Then out into the noisy street again: back to the shouts of chairmen, waggon-drivers, coachmen, the bawling of those who cried up and down pavements, the cries of flying piemen, newsmen, boys with broadsheets, dying confessions, and ballads—back to the clamour of Fleet Market.

Another excursion, which could only be undertaken when the days were long, was that to Westminster Abbey.

The way along the Strand, when the crowded houses behind St. Clement's and St. Mary's were passed, was a wide and pleasant thoroughfare, convenient for walking, occupied by stately palaces like Northumberland and Somerset Houses, and by great shops. At Charing Cross one might cross over into Spring Gardens, where, Mrs. Esther said, there was much idle talk among young people, with drinking of Rhenish wine. Beyond the gardens was St. James's Park; Kitty saw it once in those days, being taken by Sir Miles Lackington; but so crowded was it with gallant gentlemen, whose wigs and silken coats were a proper set-off to the hoops and satins of the ladies, that she was ashamed of her poor stuff frock, and bade Sir Miles lead her away, which he did, being that day sorrowful and in a repentant mood.

"I have myself worn those silk waistcoats and that silver lace," he said with a sigh. "My place should be among them now, were it not for Hazard. Thy own fit station, pretty pauper, is with those ladies. But Heaven forbid you should learn what they know! Alas! I knew not when I ought to stop in the path of pleasure."

"Pie!" said she. "Young men ought not to find their pleasure in gambling."

"Humanity," said Sir Miles, becoming more cheerful when the Park was left, "has with one consent resolved to follow pleasure. The reverend divines bid us (on Sunday) be content to forego pleasure; in the week they, too, get what pleasure they can out of a punch-bowl. I am content to follow with other men. Come, little Puritan, what is thy idea of pleasure?"

That seemed simple enough to answer.

"I would live in the country," said she readily, "away from this dreadful town; I would have enough money to drink tea every day (of course I would have a good dinner, too), and to buy books, to visit and be visited, and make my ladies happy, and all be gentlemen together."

"And never a man among you all?"

"No—we should want no man. You men do but eat, drink, devour, and waste. The Rules are full of unhappy women, ruined by your extravagances. Go live all together, and carry each other home at night, where no woman can see or hear."

He shook his head with a laugh, and answered nothing. That same night, however, he was led home at midnight, bawling some drinking song at the top of his voice; so that the girl's admonition had no effect upon him. Perhaps profligate men feel a pleasure not only in their intemperance but also in repentance. It always seemed to me as if Sir Miles enjoyed the lamentations of a sinner the morning after a debauch.

On the few occasions when their journey was prolonged beyond Charing Cross, the ladies were generally attended and protected by Mr. Solomon Stallabras, who, though little in stature, was brave, and would have cudgelled a porter, or cuffed a guardsman, in the defence of ladies, as well as the strongest and biggest gentleman.

There are many other things to see in Westminster Abbey—the coronation throne, Henry the Seventh's Chapel, the monuments of kings, queens, great lords, and noble generals—but Mr. Stallabras had an eye to one spot only.

"There," he said, "is the Poets' Corner: with Dryden, Ben Jonson, and the glorious dead of this spot, shall, perhaps, my ashes be mixed. Ladies, immortality is the poet's meed."

The poor man needed some solace in these days, when his poverty was excessive. Later on he found a little success: obtained an order for a volume of "Travels in Cashmere" (whether he had never been), which brought him in eight guineas. He afterwards added "A Romantic Tale," the scene of which was laid in the same sweet abode of Sensibility. It was interspersed with verses, as full of delicacy as the tale itself. But the publisher, who gave him five guineas for it, complained afterwards that he had lost by his bargain. Mr. Stallabras often boasted of the great things he could do were there no publishers, and regretting the invention of printing, which rendered this class, who prey upon the very vitals of poor poets, a necessity.

These holidays, these after-hours of rest in the tranquil aisles of St. Paul's, or the awful Gothic shades of Westminster, were far between. Mostly the three sat together over their work, while the tumult raged below.

"Patience, child," said Mrs. Deborah, "Patience awhile. We have borne it for nigh thirty years. Can you, who have hope, not bear it a little longer?"

Said Mrs. Esther: "Providence wisely orders every event, so that each year or each day shall add something to the education of the soul. It is doubtless for some wise purpose we have been kept in scarceness, among runagates and spendthrifts."

On Sunday they generally went to the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate. It was a long way from the Rules, but the ladies liked it because it was the church where their father lay buried. From the place where they sat in the seats of the poor, which had neither cushions nor backs, they could read the tablet to the memory of the late Joshua Pimpnel, once Lord Mayor of London, and Alderman of Portsoken Ward. The great church was full of City memories, dear to them from their childhood: when they were girls they used to sit in a stately pew with red serge seats and hassocks; now, they worshipped in the same church, but on the benches among the poor women and the children. Yet there were the same services, with the rector and the clerk in their desks, the schoolboys of the Charity along the left, and the schoolgirls of the Charity along the right; the beads and vergers, the old women who swept the church, opened the pew doors, curtsied to the quality and remained behind for doles—all brought back their childhood. They were as poor themselves as these old tots, but they could not stay for doles. It is a large and handsome church, filled with grave citizens, responsible men, whose ventures are abroad on many seas, respected for wealth and upright conduct, good men and true, such as was, in his day, my Lord Mayor Pimpnel himself; with the citizens sit their wives bravely attired, and their daughters making gallant show in hoops, patches, lace, sarsnet, and muslin. Outside the church a graveyard, piled and full, still with a tree or two upon it, whose boughs in June are covered with bright green leaves, among which the sparrows twitter and fly about. There is also a great round tower of antique look, which once had been part of the Roman Wall of London.

Here they went to worship. When the minister came to the words in the Litany—

Lord have mercy upon all prisoners and captives,

the sisters would catch each other by the hand, and audibly follow the reader in prayer as well as response. For thirty years, for fifty-two Sundays in each year, they had made that prayer in the same words, for most of the time in the same church. Yet what answer?

Kitty took the prayer, presently, for herself as well. If these ladies were prisoners, why, what was she? If they might not sleep abroad, and only walk in the streets by permission and license of the law, how was she different from them, since she could not, being but a maid, and young and penniless, go abroad at all without them or some other protection?

The sight of the leaves in the trees outside; the fluttering and flying of the sparrows, now and then the buzzing of a foolish bee who had found his way into the church, carried the girl's thoughts away to the quiet place in the country where, between Hall and Vicarage, she had been brought up. Would the sweet country never more be seen? Was her life to be, like that of these poor ladies, one long prison among reprobates and profligates?

The summer came on apace: it grew hot in June; in July it was so hot that they were fain to sit all day and to sleep all night, with open windows. The air was cooler, perhaps, at night, but it was laden with the odours of decaying cabbages, trodden peas and beans, rotten strawberries, bruised cherries, broken gooseberries, with the nauseous breath of the butcher's stall, and the pestilential smell of the poulterer's shop. Moreover, they could not but hear the oaths and ribaldries of those who sat and lounged about the market, staying in the open air because it was warm and because it was cheap. The bulkheads, bunks, booths, stalls, and counters of the market were free and open to the world: a log of wood for a pillow, a hard plank for a bed; this was the reward of a free and lawless life. On most nights it seemed best to lie with windows closed and endure the heat. Yet closed windows could not altogether keep out the noise, for on these summer nights all the knaves and thieves unhung in this great town seemed to be gathered here, pleased to be all together, a Parliament of rogues, under the pent-houses and on the stalls of the market. And as in some Roman Catholic countries nuns and monks maintain a perpetual adoration to the Blessed Virgin, whom they ignorantly worship, so did these reprobates maintain a perpetual litany of ribaldry and foul conversation. It never ceased. When one grew tired he lay down and slept: his friends carried on the talk; the drinking-booths were open all night long, so that those who talked might slake their thirst, and if any waked and felt thirsty, he, too, might have a drain and so lie down again. Day and night there was a never-ending riot: the ladies, as the hot days continued, grew thinner and paler, but they bore it patiently; they had borne it for thirty years.

Between two and three in the morning there generally came a little respite; most of the brawlers were then asleep, drunk, or tired out; only at corners, where there was drink to be had, men and women still gathered together, talking and joking. At four, or thereabouts, the market-carts began to arrive, and noise of another kind began.

One morning in July Kitty awoke—it was a hot and close night—just when all the City clocks were striking three; it was broad daylight; she sprang from bed, and drawing the blind aside a little, looked out upon the market below and the City around. In the clear and cloudless air, before the new day had charged it with a fresh covering or head-piece of smoke, she saw the beautiful spires of St. Bride's, St. Dunstan's, St. Andrew's, St. Mary's, and St. Clement's rising one beyond the other into the clear blue sky, their weathercocks touched by the morning sun; on the south, over the river, were visible the green hills of Surrey, the sun shining on their hanging woods, as plain as if they were half a mile away. On the north there were the low hills of Highgate, Hampstead, and Hornsey, the paradise of city, and yet places most beautiful, wooded, and retired. Everwhere, north, west, and south, spires of churches rising up to the heavens, as if praying for the folk beneath. And under her eyes, the folk themselves.

They were human ruins of the past, the present, and the future. Old men were among them who lay with curled-up limbs, shaking with cold, warm though the night was, and old women, huddled up in scanty petticoats, lying with tremulous lips and clasped hands. The cheeks both of the old men and the old women were swollen with drink. What was the record of their lives? Some of them had been rogues and vagabonds from the very first, though how they managed to scape the gallows would be hard to tell. Doubtless their backs were well scarred with the fustigations of the alderman's whip, and they could remember the slow tread of the cart behind which they had marched from Newgate to Tyburn, the cruel cart falling at every step upon their naked and bleeding shoulders. Yet what help? They must starve or they must steal; and, being taken, they must be hanged or must be flogged.

Why, these poor old men and poor old women should, had they not missed the meaning of their lives, have been sitting in high places, with the state and reverence due to honoured age, with the memory of a life well fought, hung with chains of gold, draped with cloth of silver and lace. Yet they were here, crouched in this filthy, evil-smelling place, eyes shut, backs bent, lips trembling, cheeks twitching, and minds hardened to iniquity. Did any of them, perchance, remember how one who knew declared that never had he seen the righteous forsaken or the good man beg his bread?

A dreadful shivering seized the girl. What plank of safety, what harbour of refuge was open to her that she too might escape this fate? What assurance had she that her end might not be like unto the end of these? Truly none, save that faith by which, as Paul hath taught, the only way to heaven itself is opened.

Then there were young men with red and swollen faces, thieves and vagabonds by profession, who found the air of the market more pleasant than that of Turnmill or Chick Street. Yet it was an ominous and suspicious place to sleep in; a place full of bad dreams for thieves, criminals, and debtors, since close at hand was the Fleet Prison, its wards crowded with the careless, who lounged and jested, and the hopeless, who sat in despair; since but a hundred yards from them stood the black and gloomy Newgate, its condemned cells full of wretches, no worse than themselves, waiting to be hanged, its courts full of other wretches, no worse than themselves, waiting to be tried, sentenced, and cast for execution, and its gaol-fever hanging over all alike, delivering the wards from their prisoners, cheating the hangman, hurrying to death, judge, jury, counsel, prisoner, and warders together. But they never think upon such things, these poor rogues; each hopes that while his neighbour is hanged, he will escape. They cannot stop to think, they cannot turn back; behind them is the devil driving them downwards; before them, if they dare to lift their eyes, the horrid machinery of justice with pillory, whip, and gallows. Among them, here and there, pretty boys and girls, lying asleep side by side upon the hard wooden stalls; boys with curly hair and rosy faces, girls with long eyelashes, parted lips, and rosy cheeks—pity, that when they woke they should begin again the only trade they knew; to thieve, filch, and pick pockets, with the reward of ducking, pumping, flogging, and hanging.

So clear was the air, so bright the morning sky, that what she saw was impressed upon her memory clearly, so that she can never forget it. The old men and old women are dead; the young men and women are, one supposes, hanged; what else could be their fate? And as for the boys and girls, the little rogues and thieves, who had no conscience and took all, except the whippings, for frolic, are any left still to sleep on hot nights in that foul place, or are all hanged, whipped at the cart-tail, burnt in the hand, or at best, transported to labour under the lash in the plantations?

Sinner succeeds unto sinner as the year follows year; the crop of

gallows fruit increases day by day, but the criminals do not seem to become fewer.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE MADE TWO WOMEN PRISONERS

ONE Sunday evening in the autumn, the market being then quiet, the two ladies and the girl sat round a fire of coal, talking together by its light. The memories of the sisters, by some accident, were carried back to the past, and they told the child the story, of which she already knew a part, how by a great and crying injustice of the law they had been shut up in prison, for no fault of their own, for nearly thirty years.

"My father's eyes," said Mrs. Deborah, looking at the portrait over the fireplace, "seem to rest upon me to-night."

Mrs. Esther shuddered. "It is a sign, sister," she said, "that something will happen to us."

Mrs. Deborah laughed a little bitterly. "I thought afterwards that the laugh was like that of Sarai, because a thing did happen to her, as will presently be seen."

"Nothing," she said, "will happen to you and to me any more, Esther, except more pain and more starvation."

"Patience, Deborah," sighed Mrs. Esther. "We who have borne our captivity for nine-and-twenty years—"

"And seven months," said her sister.

"Can surely bear them a little longer."

"We were girls when we came here," said Mrs. Deborah; "girls who might have had lovers and become mothers of brave sons—not that you, Kitty, should let your thoughts run on such matters. But there are no honest lovers for honest girls in the Rules of the Fleet."

"Lovers!" echoed Mrs. Esther, with a heavy sigh. "Mothers! with sons! Ah, no! not for us."

"We are old women now, sister. Well, everything is short that hath an end. Let us take comfort. To earthly prison is a certain end appointed."

"We came to the gaol, sister," continued Mrs. Esther; "two girls, weeping, hand-in-hand. Poor girls! poor girls! My heart bleeds to think of them, so young and so innocent."

"We shall go out of it," said her sister, "with tears of joy. They shall write upon our tombstones, 'These sisters thank God for death.'"

"What fault, we asked—ah! Deborah, how often we ask it!—what fault had we committed? For what sin or crime of ours did this ruin fall upon us?"

"I ask it still," said Deborah the impatient. "I ask it every day. How can they call this a land of justice, when two innocent women can be locked up for life?"

"My sister, we may not kick against the pricks. If the laws are unjust they must be changed, not disobeyed."

Mrs. Deborah replied by a gesture of impatience.

"We were blessed with parents," said Mrs. Esther, half talking to herself, half to me, "whose worth and piety were as eminent as their lofty positions in the City. Our respected father was Lord Mayor in the year 1716, when, with our esteemed mother, who was by birth a Balchin, and the grand-daughter of Sir Rowland Balchin, also once Lord Mayor, he had the honour of entertaining his Highness Prince George of Denmark. We were present at that royal banquet, in the gallery. Our father was also, of course, an alderman—"

"Of Portsoken Ward," said Mrs. Deborah.

"And Worshipful Master of the Company of Armour Scourers."

"And churchwarden of St. Dionis Backchurch," said Mrs. Deborah.

"Which he beautified, adding a gallery at his own expense."

"And where, in 1718, a tablet was placed in the wall to his memory," added Mrs. Deborah.

"And one to the memory of Esther, his wife," continued the elder sister, "who died in the year 1719, so that we, being still minors, unfortunately became wards of a merchant, an old and trusted friend of our father."

"A costly friend he proved to us," said Mrs. Deborah.

"Nay, sister, blame him not. Perhaps he thought to multiply our fortunes tenfold. Then came the year of 1720, when by visitation of the Lord, all orders and conditions of men went mad, and we, like thousands of others, lost our little all, and from rich heiresses of twenty thousand pounds a piece—such, Kitty, was then our enviable condition—became mere beggar-girls."

"Worse," said Mrs. Deborah, grimly. "Beggar-wenchs are not in debt; they may go and lay their heads where they please."

"We were debtors, but to whom I know not; we owed a large sum of money, but how much I know not; nor have ever been able to understand how our guardian ruined us, with himself. I was twenty-two, and my sister twenty-one: we were of age; no one could do anything for us; needs must we come to the Fleet and be lodged in prison."

"Esther!" cried her sister, shuddering; "must we tell her all?"

"My child," continued Mrs. Esther, "we suffered at first more than we dare to tell you. There was then in charge of the prison a wretch, a murderer, a man whose sins towards me I have, I hope, forgiven, as is my Christian duty. But his sins towards my sister I can never forgive; no, never. It is not, I believe," she said with more asperity than I had ever before remarked in her—"it cannot be expected of any Christian woman that she should forgive in a wicked man his wickedness to others."

"That is my case," said Mrs. Deborah. "The dreadful cruelties of Bamberge, so far as I am concerned, are forgiven. I cannot, however, forgive those he inflicted upon you, Esther. And I never mean to."

This seemed at the moment an edifying example of obedience to the divine law. Afterwards the girl wondered whether any person was justified in nourishing hatred against another. And as to that, Bamberge was dead; he had committed suicide; he had gone where no human hate could harm him.

Every one knows that this man must have been a most dreadful monster. He was the tenant, so to speak, of the prison, and paid so much a year for the privilege of extorting what money he could from the unfortunate debtors. He made them pay commitment fees, lodging fees, and fees of all kinds, so that the very entrance to the prison cost a poor wretch sometimes more than forty pounds. He took from the two ladies all the money they had, to the last guinea; he threatened them with the same punishment which he (illegally) inflicted on the unfortunate men; he would, he said, clap them into irons, set them in tubs, put them in the strong-room, which was a damp and dark and filthy dungeon, not fit for a Turk; he kept their lives in continual terror of some new misery; they had ever before their eyes the spectacle of his cruelties to Captain Mac-Pheadrid, whom he lamed; Captain Sinclair, whom he confined until his memory was lost and the use of his limbs; Jacob Mendez, whom he kept locked up till he gave up his uttermost farthing; and Sir William Rich, whom he slashed with a hanger and beat with sticks because he could not pay his lodging.

And as every one knows, Bamberge was at last turned out through the exertions of General Oglethorpe.

"And how can I forget the generous band,
Who, touched with human woe, redressive searched
Into the horrors of the gloomy gaol?"

"We endured these miseries," continued Mrs. Esther, "for four years, when our cousin was able to go security and pay the fees for us to leave the dreadful place and enjoy the Rules. Here, at least, we have some liberty, though we must live among scenes of rudeness, and see and hear daily a thousand things which a gentlewoman

should be able to escape and forget. Our cousin," she went on, after a pause, "is not rich, and is able to do little for us: he sends us from time to time, out of his poverty, something for our necessities: out of this we have paid our rent, and being able sometimes to do some sewing-work, we have lived, though but poorly. Two women want but little: a penny will purchase a dish of broth."

"It is not the poverty we lament," said Mrs. Deborah, "it is the place wherein we live."

"Then," Mrs. Esther went on, "Heaven sent us a friend. My dear, be it known to you, that had it not been for the doctor, we had, ere now, been starved. He it was who found us in hunger and cold: he fed us, and warmed us."

"To us, at least, he will always be the best of men," said Mrs. Deborah.

"More than that, sister; he hath brought us this child to be our joy and comfort; though God in His mercy forbid that your young days should all be wasted in this wicked place, which surely is the very mouth—"

Here they were interrupted by an uproar in the street below us; a bawling and bellowing of many men; they were bringing home the baronet, who was always drunk. Among the voices Kitty heard, and hung her head with shame, the tones of her uncle, as clear and sonorous as the great bell of St. Paul's.

They said nothing for a space. When all was quiet again, and the brawlers had withdrawn, Mrs. Esther spoke in her gentle way.

"A man's life doth, doubtless, seem to himself different from what he seems to the women who know him. We know not his moments of repentance, his secret prayers, or his temptations. Men are stronger than women, and they are also weaker; their virtues are nobler; their vices are more conspicuous. We must not judge, but continue to think the best. I was saying, my dear, when we were interrupted by the brawling of Sabbath-breakers, that your uncle, the worthy doctor, is the most kind-hearted and generous of men. For all that he has done to us, three poor and defenceless women, we have nothing to give in return but our prayers. Let us give him these, at least. May the Lord of all goodness and mercy reward him, strengthen him, and forgive him whatever frailties do beset him!"

(To be continued)



"THE GRANDIDIERS"—whose story is told in German by Julius Rodenberg, and translated by William Savile (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), are a family of French Huguenots settled in Berlin. In dealing with the old French colony of the German capital, Herr Rodenberg has certainly entered upon fresh ground which is sure to have special interest for a considerable number of English readers. That interest is widened and deepened by an equally fresh and vigorous manner of dealing with a less pleasant reminiscence of the relations between France and Germany—the Siege of Strasbourg. Nevertheless, in spite of its general subject and of its many striking episodes, we are not sure that "The Grandidiars" is to be counted among the small list of German novels that bear an English translation. The first half of the work is full of humour, but then it is typically German humour—humour of the stiff and ponderous kind that strains and weighs down a frivolous English brain. The point lies in a certain aroma of style which is rather "caviare to the general." Of course, however, everybody can more or less see the fun that is to be made out of a hatter with an artist's enthusiasm for his sadly inartistic calling—hats and hatters, for some mystic reason, are sure to catch a sort of laugh everywhere. Nor will those who are not deterred by the excessively Berlinese flavour of the book fail to be something more than merely amused by an original of the name of Scharff, an amiable impostor and benevolent boaster of a rather new pattern. Only the first condition of enjoyment must be the appreciation not only of German humour but of that curious process which German novelists substitute for the art of construction. In this respect, "The Grandidiars" is as shambling, aimless, and disjointed as the best works of German fiction.

On the other hand, "The Stillwater Tragedy," by T. B. Aldrich (1 vol., Trübner and Co.) is free from the most characteristic faults of the typical American novel. It is neither transcendently sentimental, nor unfathomably profound, nor afflicted with a morbid secretion of "dry humour." It is neither about teacakes, nor about Rome, nor about a woman who is more married than she feels to be good for her deeper nature. Mr. Aldrich has been content to invent a very clever murder-mystery, and has made that the centre of some very bright and sometimes really touching scenes and sketches of character. He says that his heroine, Margaret Slocum, is common in New England—in that case, New England is to be warmly congratulated. The strike in the marble yard is told with picturesque effect, and with passages of genuine, that is to say not "dry," humour. Nevertheless the author is not strong at all points. His spelling, or his printers' spelling, may be excellent from some new American point of view, but it is calculated to exasperate his readers in proportion as they care for the meaning of English words rather than phonetic or economical fancies. Nor do we think that in America any more than in England does every box of safety-matches contain just one hundred with such unflinching and universal certainty that even a detective would take note, as a piece of circumstantial evidence, of a box that contained ninety-nine. We can vouch for the fact that at least one box has been known to contain a hundred and nineteen when first opened. And yet, very considerably on this evidence, poor Richard Shackford ran a risk of hanging. On the whole, however, faults of commission are neither numerous nor important enough to hurt our pleasure or interest in Mr. Aldrich's story.

We have to congratulate Mrs. Pender Cudlip on the evident pains she has taken to do justice to her own powers in the case of "Eyre of Blendon" (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.). The result is a novel which, in many important respects, is one with which her readers will have more cause than usual to be completely satisfied. She has acquainted us with a more than ordinarily charming heroine, gifted with the pure and unselfish courage with which lady-novelists are by no means too fond of asking us to sympathise, and has made her the centre of a very slight but attractive story. Most of the faults with which Mrs. Cudlip has hitherto rendered herself, by her besetting sins of haste and carelessness, liable to be charged, are noticeably absent from her latest novel, of which the prevailing tone is thoroughly wholesome.

It is curious that so weak a novel as "Cords and Discords," by Charlotte Atcherley (2 vols., Remington and Co.), should open with so much promise of better things. It begins with a really delightful picture, in firm lines and lively colours, which, after a chapter or two, resolves itself into a faint blur. Reminiscences of scraps of sentimental verse have apparently unnerved the hand of the authoress of "Cords and Discords," who, by the manner of her outset, proves herself capable of doing a hundred times better than she has probably tried to do. For this reason we are disposed to deal more hardly with her novel than its demerits really demand. She must know that a young officer who illustrates a gushing piece of doleful autobiography with an improved accompaniment on the harp is a character only suited to a burlesque or farce. But then all the characters in "Cords and Discords" belong to that queer world where gush and music become imbecile in company, except one,

and he is a professional madman. The novel represents no possible form of human nature, and in so far as the author idealises what she can never have known, she makes us feel glad that fine feelings are very uncommon things. Before she ventures on another novel, she must learn the art of continuing and ending, as well as of beginning well.

A TOUR IN NORWAY

To those who are in search of somewhat newer ground for a summer holiday, whether with a knapsack or other small luggage, than the oft-trodden Swiss mountains or the Austrian Tyrol, my advice is "try Norway," and in support of this advice I will attempt a short description of a recent visit to what has been aptly called "The Fatherland of Waterfalls."

Perhaps the reason why Norway is not more frequented by those in search of the health to be secured in mountain air is that a sea voyage of from two to three days is a necessary commencement, and has to be looked forward to as a necessary conclusion to such a trip. Norway can be reached either from Hull or London, and the traveller may select either Christiania, Bergen, or Trondhjem, as his point of arrival. Our party consisted of three, provided only with knapsacks, and we decided upon the voyage from London to Christiania. The first point reached on this route is Christiansand, which presented a strange contrast, with its wooden houses, each painted according to the fancy of its respective owner, to the dead monotony of the bricks and mortar with which we in this country are so painfully familiar.

On approaching Christiansand early on the Sunday morning a breeze from the land, fragrant with the odour of the pine forests, gave us an experience of the peculiar scent which pervades more or less the whole of the southern portion of this peninsula. Although it was only seven o'clock on an August morning when we arrived, the heat was so great that we were compelled to seek shelter wherever it was possible, and after only half-an-hour's stay we steamed away for Christiania.

Christiania, which presents few features unfamiliar to those acquainted with German towns, is situated at the head of a large fjord, remarkable for its beauty, fifty-eight miles in length.

Our arrival was about midnight, and the effect of the lights upon the still waters of the fjord was remarkable. Small steamers, gaily decked and lighted with many-coloured lamps, and filled with holiday-makers singing snatches from their national airs, flitted around us, and added much to the picturesqueness of the scene.

The recently-discovered Viking ship which, after having been buried in the sand for upwards of a thousand years, is now to be seen in the gardens of the Museum, claimed our early attention. It is remarkable how well preserved is this interesting relic of bygone ages, carrying the mind back to the stormy days of the old sea kings.

There is, however, but little to delay the traveller at Christiania, the chief interest in a visit to Norway lying in the country districts, where still prevail old-world methods of transit and accommodation.

Although there are excellent roads in Norway, there are but few stage coaches. Travelling is accomplished on land by carriage. A carriage is a small one-horse chaise, in which there is only room for the traveller, who has to drive himself. Luggage, if the quantity is reasonable, is strapped behind on a little ledge, on which sits the carriage boy, called the "güt." A glance at the map would lead one to suppose that there were many towns and villages in Norway, but the names to be seen are in many cases only farmhouses, which are the stations, under Government regulations, where the traveller can claim accommodation, and where he can hire his carriage.

These "stations" are to be found throughout the country. The owner or landlord is generally the large farmer in the district, and, in consideration of the monopoly he enjoys in the entertainment of travellers, is bound to provide and have always in readiness a certain number of horses and carriages for their use. The stations are generally about nine miles apart, and a definite charge is fixed by Government, and that only is allowed to be made for the use of horse and carriage from station to station. As a rule very fair accommodation is to be obtained. A good sitting-room is provided for the use of guests, and the bedrooms are large and clean, and the beds comfortable.

The food unfortunately is not always very palatable to an English taste. Fresh meat is seldom to be obtained, and white wheaten bread never. After a long day's drive, when one's appetite has been sharpened by the keen mountain air, it is a little disappointing to find that only fish, once fresh, but now well salted, eggs not always new laid, and some black bread and cheese form the meal furnished for you. And the cheeses have a curious flavour. Two or three sorts are generally provided, and that made from goat's milk is honoured above all others. It is of a dark brown colour, and tastes like Cheddar cheese well sweetened. I say it is honoured, from the fact of its having invariably tied round it a handsome cravat, and its appearing at every meal—breakfast, dinner, and supper.

The second cheese is a massive object, much in appearance like those we know, but in flavour not in my power to describe. A countryman we met said it put him more in mind of Windsor soap than anything else. He had a large lump in his pocket to take home as a specimen of this remarkable product.

Cheese is an important article of food on the Norwegian table. On one of the large coasting steamers I counted sixteen cheeses of four or five different sorts at breakfast, and the "hardy Norseman" rejoiced thereat, and found much delight.

However, it is possible to get used to even this rather unsatisfactory fare, still travellers in Norway should provide themselves with potted meats and some essence of beef, for they will be found often to be very acceptable.

Our route from Christiania lay almost due north, through the Gudbrandsdal and Romsdal. We reached Lillehammer, situated on the Randsfjord, by rail and steamer, and thence began our journey by carriage and on foot.

The Gudbrandsdal is a lovely valley, with high hills covered with pines on either side, and a brilliant stream flowing beside the road—sometimes widening into lakes and again rushing over high rocks forming beautiful cascades.

In this valley, near the Station Moen, occurred the terrible massacre of the Scotch troops under Colonel Sinclair on August 26, 1612. Colonel Sinclair, with 900 men, had landed a few days previously, and intended crossing Norway at this point to join the Swedes, who were then at war with that country. The Norwegian peasants collected on a spot where they were well protected from view, and at the approach of the Scotch on the road below, killed the greater part by hurling stones and wood upon them, and the survivors were put to the sword.

A tablet in the rock marks the spot of the massacre, and bears this inscription:—

"ERINDRING OM BÖNDERNES TÄPPERHED—1612."
(In Memory of the Peasants' Bravery.)

Colonel Sinclair's tomb is to be seen at the side of the road near by. In three days we reached Station Dombaas, of which we give an illustration, 105 miles from Lillehammer, where we rested a day.

The country here is very poor, and the peasants' life is not to be envied. In Norway there is practically a peasant proprietorship, but still great hardships prevail. The little farms are far apart, and many of the houses are perched up in apparently inaccessible spots on the hills. Everywhere are posted up notices of emigration agents, and some idea of their success can be gathered from the fact that out of

a population of 1,800,000 as many as 20,000 Norwegians emigrated last year.

They are, nevertheless, a law-abiding people. Drunkenness and crime in the country districts are unknown, and a general contentment, although accompanied with great poverty, prevails, if it can be called poverty where wants are so few and easily satisfied.

Our landlord, Mr. Dombaas, from whom the station is named, and who speaks English very well, explained to us the system adopted of maintaining the poor in the country districts where they have no workhouses. The parish authorities board out the paupers amongst the farmers, who receive a small compensation. Mr. Dombaas had one old woman living in his house for twelve years, and she died there recently. The farmers are bound to keep the roads in repair, each farmer having so many yards or miles of road, in proportion to the size of his farm, and they certainly are well kept.

The national costumes of the peasantry are seldom to be met with. Our little sketch of a man we saw in the museum at Christiania represents quite an exceptional character. The women in the country districts wear no distinctive dress except on the occasion of a feast or a wedding. The peasant bride arrayed in all the glory of the family jewels is a most interesting object. She wears a resplendent crown and wonderful rings, which are preserved in the family, and pass from mother to daughter, only to be worn on such interesting occasions as weddings.

The Lutheran is the form of worship adopted by all the people with but very few exceptions, and the pastors, with their long cloaks and Elizabethan collars, recall to mind the well-known dress of the great Reformer. Their districts extend for many miles in the thinly-peopled country districts, and their devotion to the simple peasantry who form their little flocks is remarkable. During the winter months, when there are only a few hours of daylight, the Lutheran pastor hasto journey from farmhouse to cottage, many miles over snow and ice, to the relief of suffering and distress.

Pursuing our way we reach Stuefjaaten, at the head of the Romsdal, and then our descent to the coast began. This valley is wilder than the Gudbrandsdal, and the road, which is an excellent one, winds picturesquely through huge boulders of rock that appear to have been thrown haphazard over the ground. Here, too, is a succession of waterfalls pouring down the sides of the mountains, and dashing over rocks into the valley below, the grandest being that known as the Slettafos, near the pretty Station of Ormeim, of which we have made a sketch.

Our next halt was at the Aak Hotel, situated in a lovely valley, surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains, the Romsdalshorn 5,090 feet, appearing conspicuously, and towering above all its adjacent rivals. The scenery here is extremely fine, and invites a prolonged stay. The hotel, although not luxurious, is comfortable, and here meat—reindeer flesh—is to be obtained.

Before leaving the lovely valleys—the Gudbrandsdal and Romsdal—let me point out the splendid field this and other routes in Norway offer to bicyclists. The roads, almost without exception, are well made, and the gradients easy. A good rider may visit the most interesting parts of Norway at little expense.

Bergen, our next halting place, was reached by sea, and the journey along the rugged coast was most interesting.

In fine weather, such as we were fortunate enough to experience throughout our trip, the steamers steer close to the shore—winding through the narrow channels and round the many islands which lie all along the coast, often so close as to give an impression of danger.

The steamers are well appointed, and the sleeping accommodation all that can be desired. Travellers who care to see the midnight sun at the North Cape need anticipate no discomforts on board, but the journey is a little wearisome.

It is curious to note at intervals along the coast the little huts of the fishermen—many of them in solitary places and far away from human habitation.

The men are engaged all day in fishing, and the women cultivate a small spot of land, but often the land is so poor that cultivation is out of the question, and fish is the only food they get all the year round.

Bergen is an interesting place, much older than either Christiania or Christiansand. The older houses are of wood, and built close together; but fire has destroyed from time to time the greater part of the town, and the new houses are of brick, many of them handsome structures.

Bergen is the chief seat of the fish trade. Nearly all the fish caught off the coast of Norway finds its way to this market. The coasting steamers in the autumn are laden with barrels of herrings which are taken in at every port touched at on their way down the coast.

The Hardanger Fjord, one of the most picturesque in Norway, to be visited from Bergen, is attractive not only for its great natural beauties, but for the many waterfalls to be found in its immediate neighbourhood. The Skjeggdalsfossen and the Vöringsfos are, perhaps, the finest falls in Norway. The former is reached from Odde, on the Hardanger Fjord, and well repays the somewhat tedious journey that has to be undertaken to reach it. The scenery on the route is very picturesque, and the fall itself, with its unbroken leap of 530 feet, is a sight to linger long in the recollection of all who have seen it. The Vöringsfos, reached from Vik, also well repays a visit. The immense volume of water that is here precipitated makes a roar that is heard for some distance before reaching it, and the rainbow colours produced when the sun shines on the spray adds a beauty to the striking grandeur of the scene that is most impressive.

If the good fortune of fine weather that followed us during our trip favours any who may act upon my advice to try Norway for a summer holiday, they will find the splendid air and the new and varied sights to be enjoyed in this country will, indeed,

Exhilarate the spirits, and restore
The tone of languid nature,

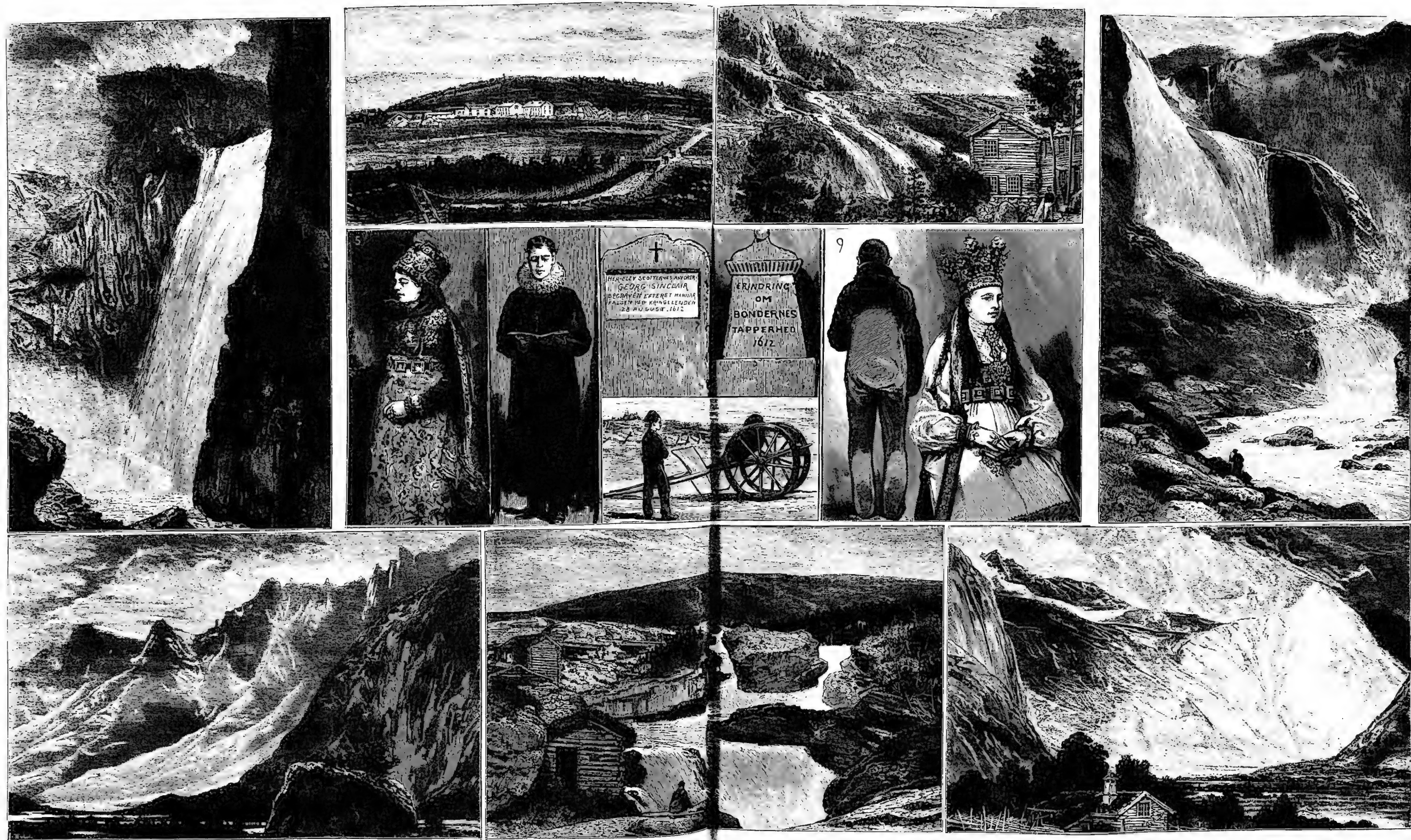
and they will return, as we did, with a regret that the stay could not be prolonged.

One word, in conclusion, with regard to the language. In many parts Norwegian only is spoken, and the traveller must make himself acquainted with a few sentences to get along at all. But English is sometimes understood, the guides and carriage boys picking up a little from travellers who come there for fishing or shooting. The English, however, is at times a little eccentric, and the following, copied from a notice posted in a hotel, may prove instructive and amusing:—

"Coaches and other vehicles recommends to the honourable traveller in the routes of Fillefeld, &c. By many years acquaintance to the position of the roads and stations, I hope to be able to comfort the travellers in great many ways, as well as sportsmen by me can be guided to the best grounds of shooting and fishing. Certificates performs."

As to the cost of such a trip as I have attempted to describe, I may say in the first place that the hotel expenses of the few towns are the same as those of good continental hotels. In the country places, however, the expenses are very much less, six to seven shillings per day is the average charge for board and lodging. The chief item of expense is the travelling, and this may be calculated at 4s. per English mile. If one travels on the average forty miles per day the cost would be 13s. 4d., but by walking some of the stages—the luggage being sent on by carriage, a considerable reduction may be made. Altogether, we found our journey cost from the time of leaving London to the time we returned, 17. per day for each person, inclusive of the purchase of a few articles of interest.

CRISPIN



1. VÖRINGSFOS, NEAR VIK, HARDANGER.—2. STATION DOMBAAS, GUDBRANDSDAL.—3. STATION ORMEIM, ROMSDAL.—4. SKJEDALSFOSSEN, HARDANGER.—5. NORWEGIAN BRIDE, VALDERS.—6. LUTHERAN PASTOR.—7. MONUMENT TO COL. SINCLAIR.—
8. MONUMENT IN COMMEMORATION OF THE MASSACRE OF THE SCOTCH UNDER COL. SINCLAIR, AUG. 26, 1612.—9. A NORWEGIAN PEASANT.—10. NORWEGIAN BRIDE, HARDANGER.—11. CARRIOLE
AND CARRIOLE BOY (GUT).—12. TROLDTINDERNE, ROMSDAL.—13. GRÖNNEFOS, NEAR MÖLMEN, GUDBRANDSDAL.—14. ROMSDAL.

A TOUR IN NORWAY



MR. RUSKIN is the soul of sincerity; yet his strong language lays him open to the charge of not acting up to his own words. Most clergymen and a good many laymen will demur to the statement that "the English liturgy was evidently drawn up with the amiable intention of making religion as pleasant as possible to a people desirous of saving their souls with no great degree of personal inconvenience." Most parents will indignantly deny that, by putting "opportunities" in their children's way, they are placing them where temptations may be as great and as many as possible. And parents and parsons, finding that Mr. Ruskin, ever since he wrote "Unto This Last," has not ceased to accuse "the great mass of men calling themselves Christians" of stealing their dinners, are tempted to ask: "Who is to judge in each case whether a man is duly earning his livelihood?" Mr. Ruskin writes a page of "Fors Clavigera," or seeks inspiration by studying a sketch or two of some great master, and then he feels he has earned good fare amid the pleasant surroundings of Brentwood. But the snarling cynic might inquire: "Why should your work be better paid than that of Hodge, on the real value of whose labour you keep telling us the landowner and half-a-dozen intermediaries thievishly batten?" Fourierism is delightful in theory, and it might possibly work if we could secure a supply of "captains of industry" as honest and as little self-seeking as Mr. Ruskin. But even then some grumbler would ask: "Why are you a captain and not I? I enjoy studying cartoons and original sketches as much as you do, and I could write as bitterly as you do against the men who don't work, and, therefore, ought not to eat." Still, though Mr. Ruskin's social theories are wildly Utopian, it is too true that a great deal of our worship is conventional, and that though we say Sunday after Sunday "there is no health in us," we make very few attempts after that perfection which in all our services we set up as our model. The Rev. F. A. Malleon has therefore done well in publishing Mr. Ruskin's "Lord's Prayer and the Church" (Strahan and Co.), with the replies of clergy and laity and Mr. Ruskin's epilogue. The book is intensely interesting; for Mr. Ruskin is tremendously in earnest, and so, we are sure, are the Clerical Societies to whom his letters were read. Abrogate usury (we remember Mr. Ruskin's appeal to the Bishop of Manchester about this), keep the wicked out of church, be frank in heart and lips, confess your sins to one another—these are some of Mr. Ruskin's rules, and every one goes along with him in his expansion of the last of them: "A youth of sense and honour must feel that he has the Devil for confessor if he has not his father or his friend." We are glad one of the clerical respondents reminds us that much of what is best in Mr. Ruskin had been otherwise expressed by F. D. Maurice. The question of questions is: Are the old forms out of date in this transition time, or is their seeming obsolescence due to our too conventional use of them? If Mr. Ruskin forces us to ask ourselves this, Maurice certainly helps us to answer it.

Education is less and less likely to give wealth as it gets more and more diffused. We can even imagine a Paradise of labour in which thews and sinews will pay better than brain-tissue. But education gives "culture," and culture finds a peculiar solace in foreign travel. Hence Mr. S. J. Capper is anxious to show how cheaply one may wander about "The Shores and Cities of the Bodensee" (De la Rue). He wrote on this subject a year ago in the *Times*; and his verdict is that eight francs a day are ample if you keep to Baedeker's second-rate hotels, and that in some pensions you may live for half that sum. We are quite aware that "simplicity does not always mean bad cookery." It does sometimes, though; and one cannot always secure the model pastor, with his recollections of the old French war, with whom Mr. Capper and his wife were fortunate enough to find a home, any more than one can reckon on fellow guests as interesting as old Colonel von Z. and his six-year-old son, who often tramped all day without a sit-down lunch because "das kostet zu viel Geld." The Colonel's story of the white rose raises Emperor William considerably in our estimation. There are other good stories in the book, which is a very readable compound of anecdote, history, and description of scenery. Mr. Capper notes (and as "a Protestant of Protestants" and distributor of Bibles deplores) the superior morality of Catholic Germany. At Ueberlingen his Bible-dropping nearly brought him into trouble; and he hints that the Gospel would be more acceptable if it did not bear on its cover: "Translated by Luther." What should we (he asks) think of a translation by Loyola or Bradlaugh? His travel-rules are good: "Do not over-walk yourself; don't stint servants of their dues; shun the English vice of extravagance." The country he takes us through is comparatively new; and those who would rather see their mountains afar off than be crushed down by their immediate presence will do well to try the Bodensee. They will have a fine piece of water, big enough for the whole human race to stand on its surface if it was frozen over; and if the ice broke and they all fell in (adds the German who made the computation) they would only raise the level six inches. Of course Mr. Capper has a good deal to say about Arenenberg; he compares the fate of Conradin, last of the Hohenstaufens, with that of the Prince Imperial. He talks about geology and the lake-dwellers, and the infant Danube bubbling up in a garden, and Prätigau and the glacier-flora. His stone-etchings are good, and altogether the work is to be recommended as much to the ordinary tourist as to the would-be imitator of that wonderful journeyman who made "a Continental tour of eight days for 44s."

Dr. Peter Bayne is angry with Mr. Matthew Arnold for calling Burns's world sordid; but even had the prophet of "sweetness and light" been the reverse of severe on Scottish life, Dr. Bayne could not have accepted his definition of poetry as "a criticism of life under the conditions fixed for it by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty." This is mere words; nor does it help us much to be told that excellent poetry is such as involves "the noble and profound application of ideas to life." Several of the most prosaic bits of the "Excursion" do involve this; while much of the highest poetry certainly does not. Dr. Bayne prefers Edgar Poe's test—to write your verse in the form of prose, and try whether you are still forced to feel it is poetry; and his own idea is that the charm of true poetry depends mainly on its combining the intense delightfulness of law with the intense delightfulness of freedom. Wordsworth he finds "profoundly depressing, his habitual method being unimaginative;" and he cannot understand Mr. M. Arnold setting him above Hugo and Schiller and all British poets from Milton to the birth of Queen Victoria. With Burns, on the contrary, imagination is his natural mood; as it is with Byron, though his work is marred by strange dead bits. And Burns, though intensely Scotch, is also imperial; whereas English writers are generally provincial in their patriotism, and can spare no word of cordial reference to Ireland or Scotland—Tennyson, for instance, in his "Relief of Lucknow," speaks of "the pibroch of Europe" rather than name the land of Burns. But we have said too much about an "Essay on Poetry," which was printed, some will say, that "Three Great Englishwomen" (Clarke and Co.) might make a big enough volume. Dr. Bayne is often wrong, as when he asserts that we look for talismanic touches of Nature in poetry because we live more artificially and are more city-pent than the men of Pope's day. Nor do we think him always right in his estimate of Mrs. Browning's works. "Cowper's Grave," for instance, deserves much more than he says of it; and we know few poems more exquisitely touching than "Bertha in the Lane." He rates Mrs. Browning lower than he

did; when he first began to write about her George Eliot was scarcely known; but he still thinks her first among women in fervour, melodiousness, and splendour of genius. Of his other great Englishwoman, Charlotte Brontë, he remarks, "The mysterious thing called genius has not often lent itself so kindly to scientific inquisition." But surely this is mere talk; for because Patrick Prunty, an eccentric Irishman, got a lonely moorland living, and bred up his family in seclusion, it does not follow that they should have grown up what they did. When, however, Dr. Bayne writes as follows we forgive all his shortcomings: "Branwell Brontë's life has a grand lesson for us, now that some sneer down as Philistinism and bad form that reverence for moral law which has characterised the sovereigns of literature generally, and most conspicuously the kings of poetry." Most true; but how about Burns?

Mr. Walter Bennett ought to know that "this phenomena" is no more English than *un Rio athée* is French, nor ought he on his very first page to have written Nort, which is a little town near Nantes, instead of Niort in Poitou. We do not say that all his work in "Madame de Maintenon" (Remington and Co.) is of this character; but we do say the book is not up to the level of the subject. Any life of the wonderful woman who, born in prison, educated in Martinique, Scarron's wife and widow, governess to Montespan's children, achieved more greatness than she dreamed of when as a child she used to say: "I should like to be Queen of Navarre," must be interesting; but Mr. Bennett may greatly improve the new edition for which he promises an index and a list of authorities, and in which we hope he will page the chapters in the table of contents. The book is muddled, and wants perspective; and though the author deliberately goes in more for personal history than for politics, something ought to have been said about the Huguenots, with persecuting whom this ex-Huguenot is credited. About the Quietists, of course, there is plenty; Madame Guyon preaching and the Duchesse de Guiche laughing out loud, is characteristic; as is also Beauvillier's confession: "In matters of faith I think with my priest and not with my friend." The shameful way in which not only Fénelon but all his relations were treated, Mr. Bennett charges, not on Madame de Maintenon, but on the King, angry at finding Fénelon's portrait of an ideal prince so unlike himself. One is glad for the sake of human nature that the Duke of Burgundy did not desert his preceptor.

We hope Mr. Fauntleroy's "Household Science" (Stanford) will be a class-book for elder girls in Board Schools. "Young persons" will there learn that a character for honesty, cleanliness, and thrift is more desirable than certificates for "literature," "jogography," and "free 'and drawin'." The Principal of White-lands knows exactly what girls and young women need to be taught. He has long used this book as a Fifth Standard Reader in his college, and the *Saturday Review* a year ago bore witness to its usefulness. What he says of the sinfulness of waste and the true road to "respectability" is beyond all praise. He ranges from physiology to Post Office savings' banks, and from washing vegetables to curing minor ailments; and on every subject he says just the right thing.

We wish we had space to do more than heartily recommend Mr. E. J. Payne's "Voyages of Elizabethan Seamen to America" (De la Rue and Co.). For Hawkins, Frobisher, Drake, Gilbert, Cavendish, he has gone mainly to "the black-letter obscurity of Hakluyt's collection," and he winds up with Raleigh's account of his voyage to Guiana. The book is an excellent one for boys; and the introduction traces clearly the causes of the vast change which put England in the place of Spain in the New World. One of the less noticed causes was the growth of English wealth. England, exceptionally fertile, had always been a capital-making country; and the stoppage of the drain to Rome and the cessation of wars during the Tudor period greatly increased its gross capital. Mr. Payne shows how much our early voyagers owed to Italy—notably to the Italian merchants in London and Bristol; and he notes the vast change which a century had brought about—"from Skelton to Shakespeare, from the Golden Legend to Bacon."

All lovers of the noble art of etching welcome the "Portfolio" (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday), and the new volume is quite equal to any of its predecessors. Cambridge is here treated as exhaustively as Oxford was in preceding issues, and the architectural glories of her colleges, as well as the sylvan charms of her gardens, are most attractively set forth both in etchings and woodcuts by Messrs. Toussaint and Brunet-Debaines, aided by Mr. J. W. Clark's descriptive pen. "The Lion in Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Art," by E. L. Seeley, is an excellent monograph, admirably illustrated. Then, as usual, we have a series of etched specimens from various masters, living and dead, and may instructively compare Rembrandt's unpromising head of Jacob Cats with Mr. Oulless's portrait of Mr. Stacy Marks, the R.A. Examples are also given, among others, of Calderon, Rossi, Munkacsy, and Briton Rivière. Mr. Herkomer's "Landscape Painting," with illustrations by himself, will afford many useful hints to brethren of the craft. Perhaps the most fascinating picture in the volume is Mr. Murray's etching (after Gainsborough) of the lovely Mrs. Graham, whose husband was better known afterwards as Lord Lynedoch. As for Mr. P. G. Hamerton, the editor, for his readers' sake we wish, as a New Year's greeting, that his reign over the "Portfolio" may be a long one.

When we were young we used to pore over Josephus' "Wars of the Jews," but the rising generation would probably consider the learned Hebrew rather prosy, and therefore they will prefer Professor A. J. Church's condensed version, entitled "The Last Days of Jerusalem" (Seeley). The stories hitherto culled by this accomplished writer from ancient sources are well known and highly appreciated, nor will this be the least attractive of the series. Painfully interesting as is the story of the sieges of Jotopata and Jerusalem, it is difficult to sympathise with either combatant, because the Jews, though fighting for freedom and against fearful odds, damaged a good cause by their intestine broils. As for the Romans, with all their vaunted statesmanship, they seem to have had little idea of governing except by mere force. They ought to have had the wit to perceive that such a clever people as the Jews were well worth conciliating, instead of which they sent to Palestine as Governor one Florus, who appears to have been as big a black-guard as the worst Turkish Pashas of modern times.

"Fancy Dresses Described" (Debenham and Freebody). This is the second edition of a capital little book by Arden Holt, which gives, in alphabetical order, a description of all the principal characters likely to be selected by ladies and children for these entertainments. It is very fully illustrated, and will be a source of great attraction to all young folks who are fond of "dressing-up." There is also a sensible introductory chapter. Gentlemen, we presume, will be disposed of in a future volume.

Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. send us "The Story of the Corsican Brothers," a dainty little shilling book, which tells the plot and illustrates the principal scenes of the play now being performed at the Lyceum Theatre. The little work is intended for sale in the theatre, and has been produced under the superintendence of Mr. Irving himself.

The Seventh Folio of Etchings, containing the designs by Hans Makart for the Huldigungsfest in Vienna, has been published. It contains four sheets, one of which, by J. Subic, entitled "Commerce," ranks among the best of the twenty-five large plates already published.

MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN have written the libretto of an opera, *La Taverne des Trabans*, which will shortly be produced at the Paris Opera Comique. Another dramatic novelty during the winter season will be another opera by M. Lecocq, *Janot*.



MESSRS. FORSYTH BROTHERS. — The budget from hence contains twenty-five pianoforte compositions of no ordinary merit. A very pleasant and useful present for a *pianiste* of cultivated taste is "Fifteen Melodies of Schubert," transcribed for the pianoforte by Stephen Heller; edited and carefully fingered by Charles Hallé. The melodies selected are all more or less known. They are published in separate numbers; but, taken as a series, form a very complete volume from whence to choose two or three after-dinner pieces. — Two bright and moderately difficult pieces for the pianoforte, by Luigi Camerana, are respectively "The Rain," a *scherzo facile*, and "After the Rain," a *capriccio facile*. — By the same composer are "The Volley," a spirited galop; "The Encore," a melodious and danceable waltz; and "Souvenir Beaumaris," a showy mazurka, arranged as a duet; by far the most original of the three specimens of dance music. — "La Gondola" and "Les Cloches du Village" are two pleasing *morceaux* for the pianoforte, of medium difficulty, by G. Ferraris. — A brace of pieces, by Alois Volkmer, are very good. "Melanie," a *mélodie variée*, is exceedingly pretty, and will please wherever it is heard; "Les Adieux" will not be so great a favourite, although it is neatly written. — "Tiens Ta Foi" waltzes, by G. Salkell, will pass muster at this festive season, although not equal to his "Telephone" waltzes. — "Vesper Bells," a glee for S. A. T. B., composed by C. H. Fogg, deserves a good place in a programme of concerted music, and will probably win an encore.

WILLIAM CZERNY. — The collection of "Ladies' Choruses" by this firm still continues to keep its *prestige*; it has arrived at the Fifth Series. No. 51 is a cheerful trio on a popular melody, by J. B. Wekerlin, "Hearts Light as Air." — Once again Longfellow's pathetic poem, "The Reaper," has been set to music, published in two keys, G and B flat. Frank Moir has done fairly well in his setting of these beautiful words; but it is not one of his best compositions. — A simple and cheerful love ditty is "There is Dew for the Flow'et," written and composed by Tom Hood and Edward R. Terry. — Six "Idylles Caprices" for the pianoforte, by B. M. Colomer, are very suitable for school-room study: No. 3, "Chant du Gondolier;" No. 4, "Marche des Conscripts Villageois," are the prettiest of the group; the other four are well written, but less taking. — "Caprice Mélodique," by A. Ergmann, is excellent practice for a young *pianiste*.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO. — Two songs, music by Myles B. Foster, are: "The Gentle Breeze," words by S. Gibney, for a contralto; and "The Mother's Grave," words by H. Alford. To the latter there is a very effective harmonium accompaniment (*ad lib.*). Both are of more than average merit. — A brace of very dismal songs, more suitable for the Lenten than the present season—the dreary music for which is by Caroline Reinagle—are "Come Not When I am Dead," one of Alfred Tennyson's most obscure and melancholy poems; and its equal, and meet companion, by Christina Rossetti, "When I am Dead." — At all events more cheerful than the above, if not of more intrinsic worth, are four songs, of medium compass and difficulty: they are "Verena," written and composed by H. Carrington and A. Blume; both words and music are pleasing; "The Little Worker," a tragical ballad of the domestic school, by T. A. Wallworth; and "God Bless the Little Children," a pretty song for mothers, words by J. P. Hopps; music by J. Trousselle. Last, and best of the group, is a tenor love song, "Were I to Choose the Fairest Flower," written and composed by Arthur Lett and Stephen Kemp.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO. — Already so well known as an organist and composer of high reputation, much was anticipated from a sacred cantata, by Francis E. Gladstone, Mus. Doc., entitled "Nicomedus." This work was recently produced at the Highbury Athenæum, and met with a warm reception, which it well merited. The narrative is taken from St. John's Gospel, selected and arranged with care by the Rev. G. W. Barrett, M.A. This cantata is well worthy the attention of small choral societies. It is published in a cheap and commodious form by the above firm, and, on account of its brevity, is well calculated to occupy the first part of a concert.

MESSRS. NEUMEYER AND CO. — Choral singers, with cultivated taste and musical knowledge, will be charmed with two quartets for S. A. T. B., music by H. Hofmann: No. 1, "Salve Regina," the English version by B. F. W. Smith; No. 2, "Christmas Song"—the grand old hymn, "Adeste Fideles," which B. F. W. Smith has translated in a very free manner to accommodate the music, so that, but for the Latin words, we should not recognise our old favourite. — Longfellow's graceful poem, "Daylight and Moonlight," has been charmingly set to music by Carl Hause. — "Cherry Pit" is the strangely-chosen name of an "Impromptu for the Pianoforte," which is an obscure and fidgety composition by the above composer. — Two very clever "Nocturnes" for the pianoforte—No. 1 in A flat; No. 2 in F—reflect great credit on their composer, V. M. Otto Deck, and will please cultivated taste. — A second Scotch Rhapsody, entitled "Burns," comes from A. C. Mackenzie, wherein "Scots, Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled" and other less well-known airs are tortured and varied to death. — "Separation, an Andante for the Pianoforte," by Gustav Lange, is full of grace and refinement; a suitable after-dinner piece for the drawing-room.

ADA

YOU ask me what attracts me so
In Ada? Well, I hardly know;
I feel, but cannot tell it.
There's something in her merry glance
That bids my timid flame advance,
Although her lips repel it.

What can I see—thus you inquire—
About her tending to inspire
A passion so deep-seated?
You cannot call her pretty; no,
She is but passable—so-so—
And some may say conceited.

She may be, as you say, a flirt,
And I a singed moth badly hurt;
Yet I more gladly serve her
Than were she fair as Venus' self,
With all the Bank of England's pelf,
And wiser than Minerva.

Why always at her beck and call?
What find I in the girl at all,
You really can't discover.
The reason why I think her sweet,
And throw my life thus at her feet
Is simply—that I love her.

HARRY R. FOLKARD

BIRTH.
On Sunday, 26th ult., the wife of WALTER WREN, of Powis Square, W., of a son.

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And those Goods that are not quite fresh
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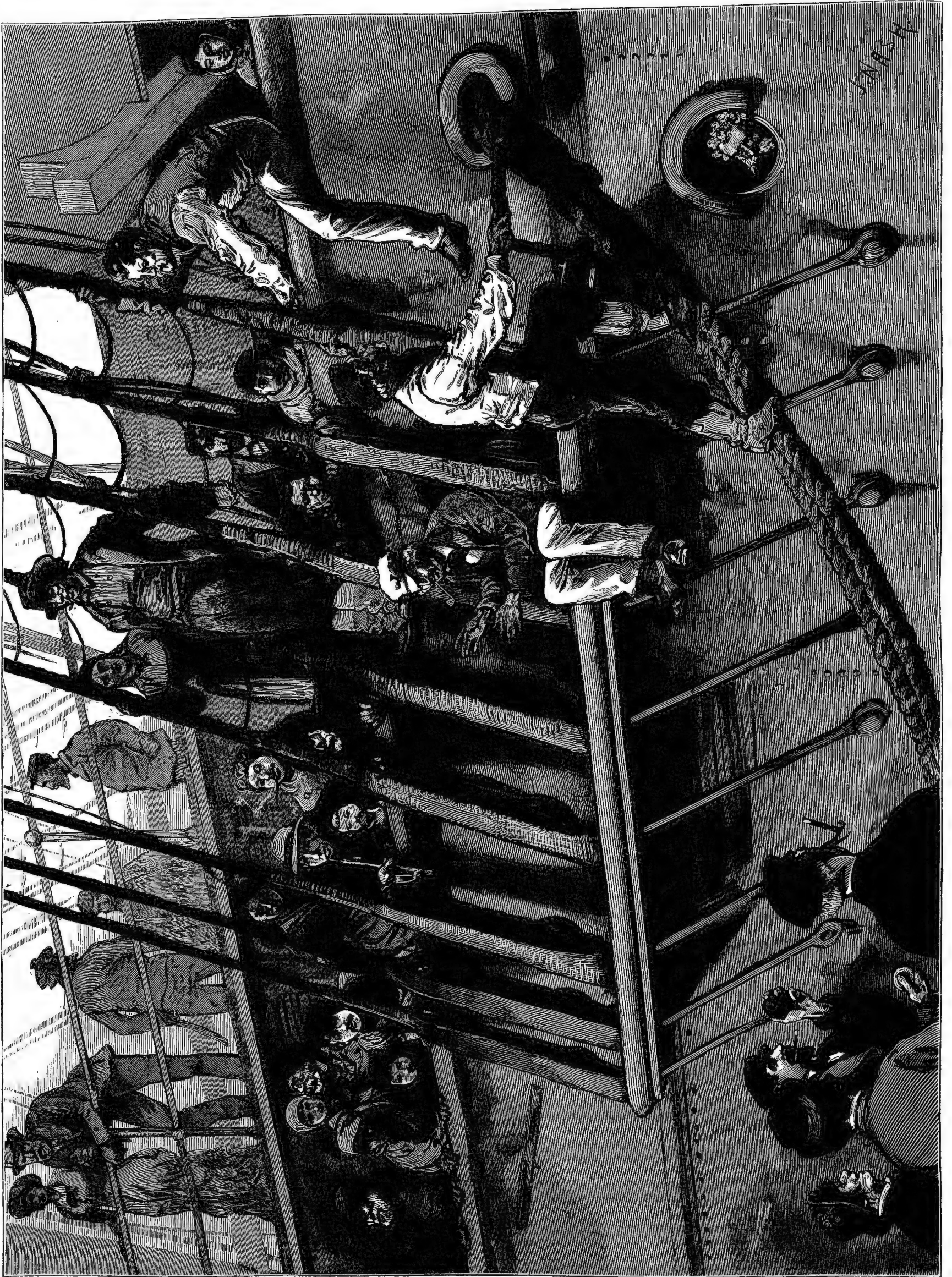
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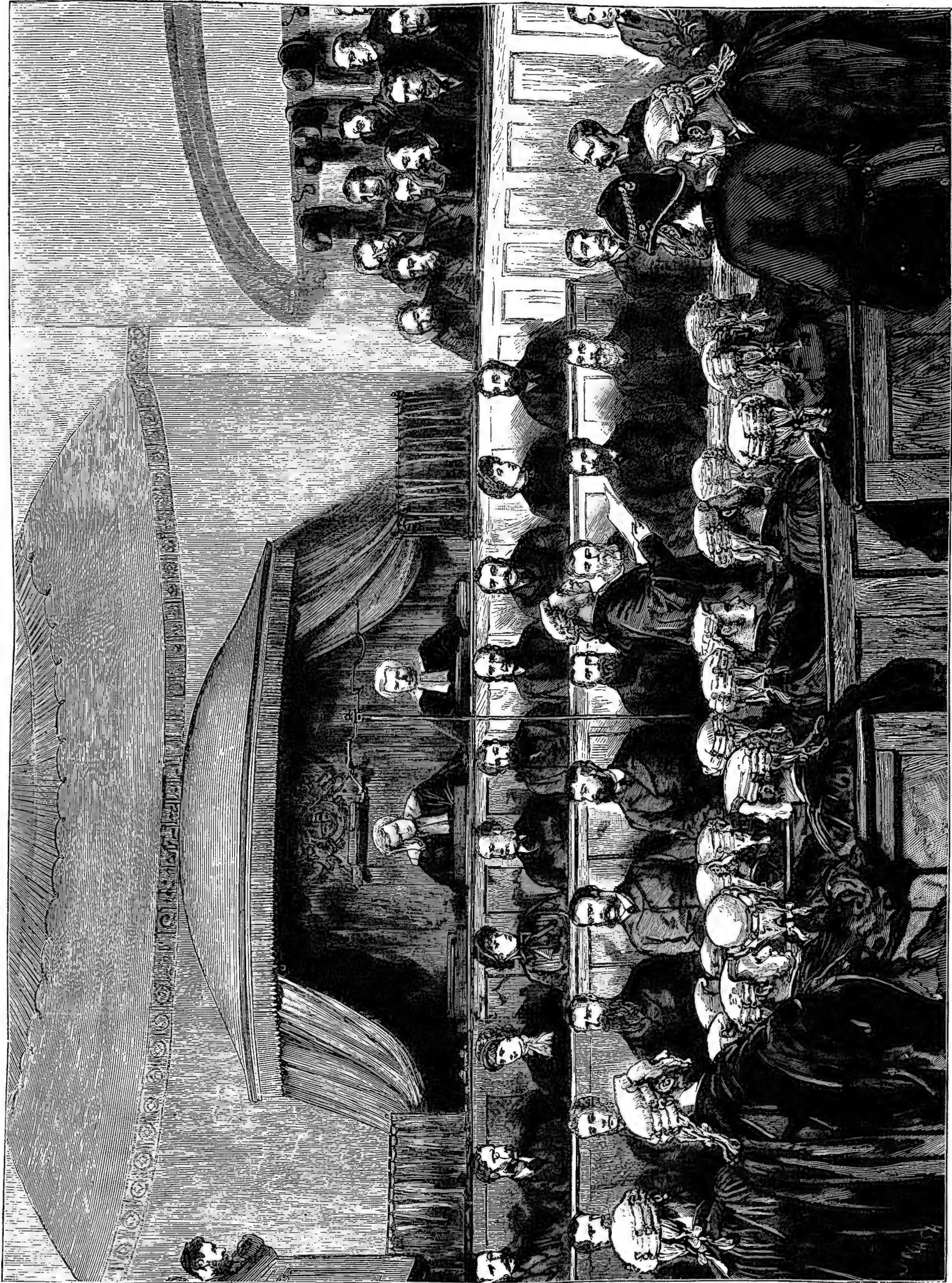
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A GERMAN EMIGRANT SHIP IN SOUTHAMPTON DOCK



THE STATE TRIALS IN IRELAND: SCENE IN THE DUBLIN QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION DURING THE DELIVERY OF THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S ADDRESS

The Traversers (occupying the Second Row below the Judges' Bench) Mr. Justice Barry The Attorney-General The Jury



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The crisis has now assumed an acute stage. The Ambassadors of the six Great Powers have been renewing their efforts both at Athens and Constantinople to induce Greece and Turkey to submit the frontier question to their arbitration, but as yet both disputants continue hopelessly obdurate. The former takes her stand upon the recommendation of the Berlin Congress, the latter refuses to go beyond the concessions named in her Note of last October. France has taken the leading part in the negotiations, and on Monday the French Ambassador at Constantinople called a meeting of his colleagues, and in consequence of his representations all the Ambassadors subsequently went to the Porte, and urged the Foreign Minister, Assim Pasha, to reconsider his verbal refusal to consent to arbitration. This at least proves that the concord of the Powers still exists, and that although they are not, it is true, acting collectively, as in the Dulcigno question, they are acting simultaneously, which practically amounts to the same thing. Cabinet Councils continue to be held at Constantinople, and at one, it is said, it was proposed to issue an address to the Powers plainly declining to go a step further than the programme laid down in the October Note, and announcing that unless Greece abandoned her war preparations the Porte would send the Hellenic Minister his passports, itself declare war, and expel all Greek subjects from Turkish territory. In Greece the feeling is no less belligerent, the Cabinet turn a deliberate deaf ear to all Ambassadorial charming, and in reply to a simultaneous appeal on Monday from the representatives of the six Powers the Premier returned a plain unvarnished "No" to their request. The Parliament has voted the proposed loan of 5,120,000*l.*, and the National Guard—composed of men from thirty to forty years of age—will shortly be called out, the active army being thus increased to 80,000 men. It must be remembered, however, that by far the greater portion of this force is composed of absolutely raw levies, of men with plenty of patriotism but no training, while their generals have had very little if any experience in actual warfare. The Turks on the other hand have a large army of trained troops, commanded by generals who have shown no mean military capacity in campaigns of recent date. Moreover, these latter will be fighting on the defensive, while the Greeks will be invaders in a foreign territory—always a disadvantageous position.

There is little other news from the Turkish capital, as the Greek imbroglio is the all-absorbing topic.—The murderer of Colonel Commerroff, Veli Mahomed, has been pronounced insane by the council of Physicians appointed to examine him, so that he will not be executed after all.—Another German official, Herr Gescher, who has been appointed Councillor to the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, has arrived, and was installed in his duties.—There is a serious drought at Constantinople, where the reservoirs are running dry the usual rains having failed.

FRANCE.—Apart from the festivities of the New Year, there is little to chronicle, save the death of that veteran Radical and Revolutionist, Auguste Blanqui, on New Year's Day, at the age of seventy-six years. The son of a Girondist and a Member of the Convention, Blanqui was from his earliest age an inveterate conspirator. In 1827 he received his baptism of blood, being picked up wounded from behind a barricade, and from that time to the day of his death, thirty-seven years of his life were spent in various terms of imprisonment. Space will not permit of our recounting his various trials and condemnations, and we will only say that on the outbreak of Communism in 1871 he was captured by the Versailles troops. The Communists offered to exchange Archbishop Darboy and the remaining hostages in their hands if M. Thiers would release him, but he refused, and the hostages, as may be remembered, were shot. His ill health saved him from transportation to New Caledonia, and last year he was released by a special pardon. He once more resumed his revolutionary labours, and his next venture was a journal, called after the ruling motto of his whole life, *Ni Dieu ni Maître*, in which, in his last utterance, he denounced the tricolour as stained with the blood of the people, the men of Sedan, and the massacre of the Communists. Blanqui, like many ultra-revolutionists, was a thoroughgoing iconoclast. His idea was first to make a clean sweep of all existing Government, and then to be "guided by circumstances" in his subsequent action. He fought against every *régime* in power throughout his life—Monarchy, Empire, and Republic alike—and he has not been unaptly styled by a contemporary a political "Don Quixote." Quixotic, however, as he undoubtedly was, he won the admiration and love of his party by his untiring energy, his manifest sincerity, and a certain power of eloquence. Thus on Thursday his funeral was made the occasion of a monster Radical demonstration. The Government very wisely prohibited neither procession nor speeches, and only forbade the display of that red flag which he had recently declared to be "the emblem of his whole life." The procession numbered some 10,000 persons, and included the most prominent members of the Extreme party. The utmost order prevailed, and at the grave speeches of the usual nature were made, the most striking being that of Mdlle. Louise Michel, who held up the Nihilists as a model, denounced the massacre of the Communists in 1871, and prophesied the advent of the Social Revolution.

The usual New Year's Day receptions have been held in Paris, and the holidays have secured a welcome lull in political affairs; speedily, however, to be broken by the municipal elections, which take place to-morrow throughout France. These this year are of more than usual importance, as an increased Republican majority of Councillors will mean an enhanced Republican majority in the Senate, the partial elections to which body take place during the year.—There is little social news from Paris, save that M. de Graux has had to apologise to M. Joseph Arnaud for the use his wife had made of his mother's name in her notorious letter, accusing M. de Girardin of being a Prussian spy, and has had to fight a duel with M. d'Inferville for a similar reason. Henceforward it is manifest that a husband will have to advertise his irresponsibility for his wife's letters as well as for her debts.—At the Gymnase there has been a revival of M. Augier's *Marriage d'Olympe*, which proved such an egregious failure under the Empire.—From Bordeaux the death is reported of Count d'Albanie (Charles Edward Stuart), the alleged younger grandson of the "Young Pretender," well known in London circles, and whose likeness to the House of Stuart is said by some persons to have been very marked.

RUSSIA.—The distress in the agricultural districts is increasing, and has now reached a very serious pitch. The land assemblies continue to make large demands upon the funds of the Government at St. Petersburg, and a Special Commission of Supply has been formed to deal with their petitions for help to feed the starving peasantry under their care. Most of these assemblies are already heavily indebted to the Central Government, and many are now drawing sums far beyond their means of repayment. The German settlements on the Volga are in the deepest distress, and their pastors represent them to be half-starved, and in want of immediate help. Out of 7,000 members of one settlement there are not more than six or seven houses whose denizens are not compelled to ask for alms. What the issue of the distress will be it is difficult to foresee, for not only has the wheat crop failed, upon which so much

Russian commerce depends, but Russian manufactures have sensibly declined, owing both to the poverty of the people and the restrictive duties which it has pleased Prince Bismarck to impose upon goods entering Germany. To this the Czar has replied by imposing a 10 per cent. duty on all foreign goods coming into Russia, a retaliation which Prince Bismarck proposes to pay off by a still further increase in the German dues.

There is conflicting news from General Skobelev's expedition in Central Asia. In his attack on Geok Tepe he appears to have been unsuccessful, and after a severe combat to have been compelled to return to Bami. The number of Tekkès is estimated at 20,000, but while one account places the Russian loss at one soldier killed, another reports a loss of 3,000 men, together with a great quantity of rifles and ammunition.

The negotiations appear to have been satisfactorily concluded between Marquis Tseng and the Russian Government, according to the semi-official *Agence Russe*, which adds, however, that the Chinese Ambassador will remain at St. Petersburg until the Court of Peking pronounces its decision upon the Russian proposals.

GERMANY.—The anti-Semitic crusade is increasing in violence, particularly in Berlin, where the New Year holidays have been made the occasion of several anti-Jewish meetings and demonstrations. On New Year's Eve a second popular meeting was held, at which 4,000 persons were present, and at which Dr. Henrici demanded the dismissal of all Israelites from municipal and Government offices and from the army, and that the accounts of Jewish trading firms should be subjected to State control. On New Year's morning also there were demonstrations before the *cafés* frequented by the Jews in Unter den Linden, and windows were smashed and the unlucky Hebrews mobbed, the police being comparatively helpless. On Monday there was another meeting, at which anti-Semitic literature was exposed, amongst others a pamphlet entitled "The Jews' Share in Crime." The Emperor, however, hearing of the excesses, ordered that strong measures should be adopted to prevent their repetition.—The corvette *Victoria* has been sent to the West Coast of Africa to chastise some Kroomen for having pillaged the German vessel *Carlos*, which was wrecked on their coast.

ITALY.—The New Year receptions at the Quirinal were held for the first time since Victor Emanuel's death in their normal splendour. In the evening the King and Queen and their sons went to the Apollo Theatre to a gala performance of *Aida*. They received a most enthusiastic reception from the audience. On the 3rd the King and Queen started on a visit to Sicily, sailing in the evening from Naples in the ironclad *Roma*, and arriving at Palermo the next day at noon, receiving an immense ovation from all classes.

INDIA.—The Viceroy is better, and able to leave his room, but was not considered sufficiently convalescent to be able to leave Allahabad on Monday, as had been proposed. He will probably not reach Calcutta until the end of this week.

In Afghanistan all appears to be very quiet. From Candahar the chief news appears to be that there is much speculation whether or no our troops are going to leave, and if so when, and whom we are to appoint to succeed us in the Government. From Cabul we hear conflicting reports respecting Abdurrahman. The Ameer appears to be ruling with considerable severity, and to be raising what revenue he can by means of forced loans. His attempts to realise the arrears of taxes in the neighbourhood of Cabul have failed, and he has sent troops to Jellalabad to collect the arrears there.

The following arrangements for the future security of the Khyber line have been made between the Commissioner of Peshawar and the Jirgahs of the Pass and the Afridis. The tribes are to maintain guards of 100 men at Jamrud and at Ali Musjid. These are to be in the pay of the British Government, and their duties are to furnish escorts twice weekly between Jamrud and Daka. The tribes heretofore in the receipt of allowances from the British Government are to continue to receive stipends, and the British garrisons are to be withdrawn from Ali Musjid, Lundi Kotal, and Daka.

UNITED STATES.—According to the Census returns the approximate population on June 1st, 1880, of the entire United States was 50,152,559, being an increase of 11,594,188 in ten years. About a quarter of the increase is due to immigration. New York State has a population of 5,083,173; Pennsylvania, 4,282,738; Ohio, 3,197,794; Illinois, 3,078,636; Missouri, 2,169,091; New York City, 1,206,590; Philadelphia, 846,984; Brooklyn, 566,689; Chicago, 503,304; Boston, 262,535; St. Louis, 350,522; Baltimore, 332,190; Cincinnati, 255,708; San Francisco, 233,956; and New Orleans, 216,140.

THE REBELLION IN THE TRANSVAAL.—The Boers continue for the present to make considerable headway. Governor Bellairs is still closely besieged at Potchefstroom by 2,000 of the enemy, and is daily expected to surrender, while another force of 2,000 Boers has now occupied Pretoria, and has summoned Sir W. Owen Lanyon, who has retired with his troops and the loyal inhabitants into the fort, to surrender. As Pretoria is 200 miles distant from Newcastle, and several large rivers bar the way, it will be a month before reinforcements can reach him, and considerable apprehension is entertained for their safety. The garrisons of Standerton and Wakkerstroom are also beleaguered, but at both places the troops are well entrenched and supplied, and very confident. On Tuesday a despatch from Newcastle announced that a Boer force entered Natal territory, and that they intended to oppose the British advance from the Natal side of the Drakensberg. The excitement among the Dutch population also in the Orange Free State is most intense, and it is stated that President Brand has telegraphed to Cape Town that he finds himself unable to restrain them from joining the insurrection in the Transvaal, and that in a few days he may be compelled to resign. Boer emissaries have also been sent to the Pondos and other native tribes, in order to organise an extensive rising.

Meanwhile the authorities in the Cape are doing their utmost to cope with the danger. Sir George Colley can put 1,500 troops in the field, and has issued a plain straightforward address to his soldiers, in which he says that while the "stain cast on our arms must be quickly effaced, and the rebellion quickly put down," he trusts that "officers and men will not allow the soldierly spirit which prompts them to gallant acts to degenerate into a feeling of revenge. . . . We must be careful to avoid punishing the innocent for the guilty, and must remember that though misled and deluded, the Boers are in the main a brave and high-spirited people, and are actuated by feelings which are entitled to our respect." On Wednesday Captain Lambart, of the 21st Regiment, who had been taken prisoner at Heidelberg, arrived at Pietermaritzburg. He was released on parole with Captain Elliot, paymaster of the 94th, and sent to the Free State unarmed. When crossing the Vaal River, however, they were fired upon by the Boers accompanying them, and Captain Elliot was killed. Sixty-two of the soldiers of the 94th have also been released. According to Captain Lambart the unfortunate detachment of the 94th, while marching with a convoy, was met by two men carrying a letter to the commanding officer to surrender. This he naturally refused to do, and formed his men, when a murderous fire was poured upon them from the hills on all sides, the officers were immediately shot down, and in a few minutes the force was completely disabled, and the colonel ordered a surrender. Eighty-six men were buried on the field, and twenty-six have since died of their wounds. Captain Lambart estimates the Boer force at Heidelberg at 8,000 men.

The news from BASUTOLAND is more encouraging. The Colonial forces under Commandant Frost and Colonel Wood have gained a signal success over the Tambookies; 80,000 cattle and 5,000 sheep were captured.



THE Queen celebrated the New Year at Osborne by presenting gifts to the servants of the Royal Household. Christmas trees were placed on Saturday in the Steward's Room for the upper servants, and in the Servants' Hall for the under servants, and Her Majesty, assisted by the Princesses Louise and Beatrice and Prince Leopold, personally distributed the presents. Subsequently the Rev. F. Byng joined the Royal party at dinner, while next morning he officiated at Divine Service before the Queen and Royal Family. On Monday the two Princesses went out riding, and in the evening Mr. Goschen and the Hon. W. Bagot, A.D.C. to the Marquis of Lorne, dined with Her Majesty. The Queen held a Council at Osborne on Wednesday, at which the draft of the Royal Speech was submitted to Her Majesty's approval.—The Queen's New Year's gifts to the poor of Holy Trinity, Clewer, and Windsor were distributed at the Castle on Saturday, when 3,211 lbs. of beef and 1,201 cwt. of coal were divided amongst 809 families.—Some alterations are being made at St. George's, Windsor, respecting the Queen's memorial to her father, the Duke of Kent.

The New Year's party at Sandringham broke up this week. On Saturday the Prince and Princess of Wales and their visitors went to the meet of the West Norfolk hounds at Stobord Heath, Westacre, and on Sunday morning they attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's. Next day the different guests left Sandringham, and the Prince of Wales also left on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Santurce at Wadhurst Park, Sussex, the Princess remaining at home with her daughters. The Prince was to be in town on Thursday for the opening of Parliament, and subsequently returns to Sandringham. On Monday next the Prince and Princess visit Lord and Lady Aveland at Normanton Park, and during their stay they will spend Wednesday with Lady Willoughby d'Eresby at Grimsthorpe Castle, while on Friday night there will be a ball at Normanton. As Colonel of the Household Brigade the Prince of Wales will go on the 22nd inst. to spend three days with the First Life Guards at the Spital Barracks, Windsor, and on Sunday will attend the regimental church parade at Holy Trinity.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh entertained Lord and Lady Granville at Eastwell Park from Saturday to Monday.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have spent this week at Criche, Dorset, with Lord and Lady Alington, to be present at the festivities in honour of the majority of their only son, the Hon. Humphrey Napier Sturt. Arriving on Monday, the Duke and Duchess were greeted by bonfires and coloured lights, and on Tuesday and Wednesday the Duke shot through the estate, a display of fireworks being given on the latter evening. Thursday was spent in hunting, and there was a grand ball on Friday night. The Duke and Duchess will probably visit Paris this month.—Prince Leopold will act as best man to Lord Brooke, eldest son of the Earl of Warwick, at his marriage with Miss Maynard, which will take place at Westminster Abbey about the third week in February.

The wedding of Prince William of Germany, on February 27th, will not, after all, be attended by the Queen, although the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will be present. Prince Christian will go to Berlin early next month to make the final arrangements, and the bride-elect and her sister, who still continue at Cumberland Lodge, will be escorted to Berlin by Princess Christian on February 23rd. Previous to his own marriage, Prince William will be present at Prince Rudolph's wedding on the 15th prox. The latter Prince will receive a tasteful present from the Austrian colony at Cairo, consisting of a set of furniture for an Egyptian smoking-room, and including a magnificent silk carpet, originally made for the mother of the ex-Khedive, and a splendid table with a solid silver top, on which, after Arab custom, the dedicatory address will be engraved.



THE WEEK OF PRAYER.—Watch-night services on New Year's Eve were held at many churches and chapels in London, and were attended by full congregations. The Week of Prayer, under the auspices of the Evangelical Society, has been very generally observed throughout the metropolis and in many provincial towns. On Monday the Lord Mayor presided at the opening meeting at the Wesleyan Centenary Hall, Bishopsgate; and other meetings have been presided over by Justice Lush, Mr. G. Williams, Mr. Alderman Fowler, M.P., Sir C. Reed, M.P., Lord Radstock, Sir W. Muir, Admiral Sir C. Caffin, Mr. S. A. Blackwood, C.B., Sir Harry Verney, M.P., and the Right Hon. William Brooke. The addresses were given respectively by the Revs. Canon Richardson, S. Manning, LL.D., J. C. Harrison, H. E. Fox, J. M. Gibson, D.D., M. C. Osborn, William Landels, D.D., E. W. Moore, J. Stoughton, D.D., George Elder, and E. E. Jenkins.

RITUALISM AND THE LAW.—The Bishop of Lichfield, in a New Year's address to the clergy of his diocese, says that while he fully recognises the absolute necessity of some controlling authority, his own desire is, on the one hand, for a larger toleration in matters of ritual, and, on the other, for a clearer recognition of the spiritual jurisdiction of the Church as distinguished from the State.—The Bishop of Ely, replying to an address sent to him by some of his clergy, says he agrees with them as to the disastrous consequences to be anticipated from the prosecution against Ritualists, but he finds it difficult to give the counsel and advice which they ask, recent events having raised questions of a very intricate nature, and precipitated a perilous crisis in the Church. He cannot sufficiently condemn the cry of mingled ignorance, dislike, and fear which calls upon the Ritualists to abandon of their own accord the English Church, and he believes that it would be truer and more Christian statesmanship to allow scope for individual feeling and prejudice, even at the cost of complete uniformity, rather than to appeal to the law. The consequences of disestablishment would be most damaging to the Christianity of the kingdom; but "the advantages of an Establishment would be purchased at too high a price, if that price included an abandonment by the Church of her inalienable right as a Body Spiritual to declare and determine when any cause of the Law Divine may come into question."—Canon Liddon in a letter to the *Guardian* says:—"If a Spiritual Court of Appeal were to be substituted for the present Final Court of Appeal the Queen would still be supreme over all her subjects, but the Church would be governed by pastors whom Christ has empowered to govern it, instead of being governed by lawyers who may or may not be Christians." That a true Spiritual Court would be obeyed seems to him unquestionable. For himself he would act upon the decision of such a Court as to the use or disuse of vestments; if it, or the Episcopate behind it, should tamper with any one of the Creeds, or with the matter or form of the Sacraments, the case would be different; but,

at least, he should know that it was the Church of England herself which was destroying her own title-deeds, and he should "give no trouble."—Bishop Piers Claughton has published another letter, in which he expresses an earnest hope that the Church Association will reconsider their course of action, and not precipitate such a bitter strife as may easily be aroused, but from which the Church would not speedily recover.

THE BISHOPRIC OF SOUTHWELL.—The Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham has purchased from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners the house at Southwell which was formerly the Palace of the Archbishops of York, with the view of presenting it as an additional endowment for the new See.

THE DIOCESE OF LIVERPOOL.—On Sunday last the first cathedral service was held in the Pro-Cathedral, Liverpool, a large congregation attending. The choir consisted of twelve boys and six men, the prayers were intoned by one of the curates of the parish church, the lessons read by Canons Warr and Stewart, and the Bishop preached a sermon on the New Year. Daily services are being arranged for, and efforts will be made to obtain celebrated preachers for Sunday afternoons.

THE BURIALS ACT.—At a conference of clergy and laity held at Stockport on Saturday, the Rev. W. H. Lowder, Rector of St. George's, Hyde, said that he had been a strong opponent of the Burials Act, but had now altered his opinion. Several funerals under it had taken place in his churchyard, and he was inclined to think that he occupied a very grand position, all the Dissenting ministers in the town being his curates. They were exceedingly polite to him and he to them, although he made them understand that he should give them nothing the Act did not give them. If the clergy treated Nonconformists in a sensible, straightforward way, they would have no difficulty with them at all.

"THE SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST."—A long letter, signed by a number of Protestant missionaries in China, has been sent by the Bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong, to Professor Max Müller, protesting against what they consider to be the misleading nature of the interpretation given in Dr. Legge's volume on the Chinese Religion to the term "Ti" or "Shang-ti," which is there translated "God" instead of "Supreme Ruler," "Supreme Emperor," or "Ruler (or Emperor) on High." Professor Max Müller has returned a lengthy, learned, and most interesting reply, at the close of which he says that he not only approves of Dr. Legge's translation, but sincerely rejoices at it, and he does not think that either has taken an unfair advantage of those who differ from them. If it had been inserted without any warning to the reader he should plead guilty, but when there is in the preface a clear explanation of Dr. Legge's reasons for his rendering of the term, and when the translations of it proposed by other Chinese scholars are clearly set forth and examined, there is surely no foundation for the charge of *mala fides* against Dr. Legge or against himself. He adds that it would afford great satisfaction to him, and he has no doubt to Dr. Legge also, if, after having read his explanation and Dr. Legge's pamphlet on the subject, the signatories should think it right to withdraw the charges they have brought against them.

A POSITIVIST FESTIVAL was celebrated on Saturday last at the "Church of Humanity," Bedford Row. The service included prayer, music, the reading of some verses from 60th chapter of Isaiah, and a passage from Dante, and an address by Dr. Congreve, who after dealing with some political questions, and remarking that the commotion within the English Church showed that her ultimate disruption and disestablishment were inevitable, said that the tenets of the Religion of Humanity were becoming more fully understood year by year. The cause was progressing in London, Paris, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other places, and though the enemies of Positivism were numerous, it had but one really formidable competitor, the religion of the past, which for practical purposes might be condensed into Roman Catholicism. Seeing, however, that society was honeycombed with unbelief, there could be no doubt that Roman Catholicism was on the wane, and what Positivists offered in its place was a systematic worship of Humanity in direct contrast to the systematic worship of the theological faith.

A SCOTCH CLERGYMAN, the Rev. A. Bissett, of the Free South Church Peterhead, has retired from the presidency of the local Temperance Society for the curious reason that some members of his choir appeared as "Nigger" minstrels at the recent annual festival of the Society. He stated that he would not have objected to the singers appearing "in their natural state."

THE REV. DR. FREDERICK JAMES JOHNSON, who had been in the Wesleyan Ministry forty-six years, and was President of the Conference in 1869, died on Tuesday of paralysis, in his sixty-ninth year.



RURAL NOTES

AGRICULTURAL NOTE FOR 1880.—The past year will be memorable for the enormous efforts of America, which sent to the United Kingdom 10,400,000 qrs. of wheat and 3,930,500 sacks of flour, besides a large supply of Indian corn. The cost to the United Kingdom of its wheat and flour imports from all quarters was about forty million pounds sterling, for which sum rather over twelve million qrs. of wheat and four million sacks of flour were obtained. The price of wheat at the beginning of 1880 was high, but for imported descriptions only. At the close of the year all wheat quotations were uniformly moderate.

SERIOUS FLOODS have occurred in different parts of the country, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, and Lincolnshire being particularly unfortunate. The drainage question in Leicestershire is already receiving attention, but it is not in that county alone that extensive works are seriously required. The floods are also out round Oxford and over large tracts of West Sussex.

CATTLE DISEASE in thirty-eight counties, and over 1,200 separate outbreaks to deal with, is one of the worst legacies that a old year has left us. The Sussex County Analyst has published a letter recommending the use of salicylic acid in cases of foot and mouth disease. He advises a mixture of 60 grains of the acid to 1 ounce of water and 2 ounces of glycerine. The antiseptic qualities of salicylic acid are of great importance, and we would certainly recommend its use in stables, sheds, and other places where cattle stand or are kept. The Duke of Brunswick uses it very largely in his great Silesian stables.

CART-HORSES.—The Annual Show of the English Cart Horse Society will be held on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th of February next at the Agricultural Hall. The last day of entry is February 9th, and Mr. G. M. Sexton, of the Agricultural Hall, will supply all particulars required by intending exhibitors. There will be fifteen classes, five for stallions, five for mares, two for geldings, and three for harnessed teams. Upwards of 212½ is offered for stallions, 158½ for mares, and 107½ for the other classes. A sale and letting by auction will be held on the third day of the Show in the Hall by the Secretary, and this new feature should prove of advantage to both buyers and sellers.

NEW PLANTS.—Among the new plants which 1880 has produced, the brilliant scarlet-flowered *Anthurium andrecinum* is an important acquisition, while "honourable mention" should also be given to *Anthurium pulchrum*, *Anthurium Walniani*, *Carludorica Wallisii*, *Nepenthes bicalcarata*, *Colocasia Neoguineensis*, *Pothos aurea*, *Dracena Lindenii*, *Codiaeum pictum*, *Jasminum gracillimum*, *Rhododendron Assamicum*, *Ixonia picturata*, *Caragunta cardinalis*, *Pittainria violacea*, *Renanthera Storrei*, *Laelia vestalis*, *Miltonia Bluntii*, and *Cypripedium spinerassum*. Nothing startling has appeared, but discovery has been far from being at a standstill.

LEAVES AND HEAT.—It has lately been demonstrated that all leaves diffuse a portion of the heat they receive more or less according to the source of the heat. Generally, but not universally, the lower surface gives off more heat than the upper. The absorption of the heat is due to the presence in the leaf of absorbent substances, such as water and chlorophyll. Thick leaves absorb more heat than thin ones, which latter, however, transmit heat better than the thick leaves.

KEW.—The rare and graceful *Rhododendron gracile* is now in flower in the T range in Kew Gardens. Its golden yellow long-tubed flowers are very remarkable, and its appearance is markedly distinct from the generality of *Rhododendrons*.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—This Society will hold an exhibition at Cambridge on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of February next. A very fine exhibition building and a large number of classes should attract attention to this bird show.

POVERS.—We gladly respond to an appeal that we in common with other journals should protest against the ruthless and ruinous theft of plover's eggs, through which the beautiful plovers are gradually being extirpated. The apathy of farmers is to be blamed, for the plover is a valuable bird, and the poaching marauders who take the eggs are of course trespassers on the farmers' ground. Prosecution in England being everybody's business is too often nobody's, but farmers may be warned that they and not the thieves in question will be the sufferers by the extermination of the plover.

MID-WINTER FLOWERS presuppose the protection of glass, but only the best conservatories are completely independent of the weather. This year a good supply of camellias is promised. Camellias should be well watered, and in hot conservatories syringed frequently. The dropping off of some of the buds will follow on the plants getting too dry. There sometimes set more than two buds on a shoot, but not more than two should be left to develop. The earlier *Primulas*, and *Solanums*, and winter *Pelargoniums* will also aid in making houses gay at this time, and such decoration is greatly to be preferred to excessive forcing of plants which nominally flower in the early spring.

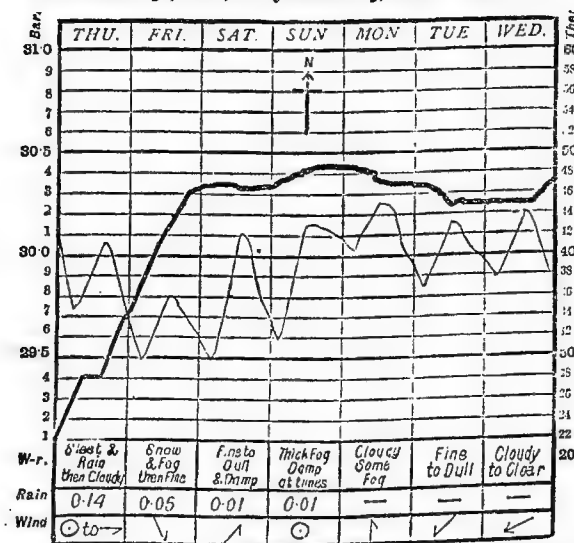
RAINFALL IN THE SOUTH DOWNS, WEST SUSSEX.—"During the six months ending Dec. 31, 1880," writes H. M. L., "27.25 inches of rain have fallen in this part of the county. In July 17 days' rain produced 5.51 in.; August, 7, 1.73 in.; Sept., 13, 5.58 in.; Oct., 16, 6.74 in.; Nov., 13, 3.50 in.; Dec., 14, 4.19 in.;—total, 27.25 inches. The above measurements were taken from Negretti and Zambra's 5-inch rain gauge. In London over 30 inches fell."

PRIZE DOGS are supposed to be under the special care and protection of the Kennel Club, but that body cannot be over-useful if there is any truth in the statement of a correspondent who affirms that a dog has been three times exhibited as bred from a stock which is entirely in his hands, he himself having never exhibited but once, and that on an entirely separate occasion. The owner of the strain in question is naturally indignant that his full exposure of the fraud and complaint to the Kennel Club has not been accorded even the bare courtesy of acknowledgment.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—The following note from a trustworthy source is very curious:—"On the morning of the 18th of December, I was astonished to see a house martin fly past me not two yards off. It was near the ground; I saw its white back very well. I could scarcely believe my eyes, so I watched it hawking for some distance along the road and over the river, between the bottom of New Street and the Bridge of Henley. It passed me about seven times, and the sun was shining."—A great horseshoe bat has been killed at Swansea.—The appearance of the common shadborne beetle indicates the mildness of the season.—Three gadwalls have been shot in Orkney.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

DECEMBER 30, 1880, TO JANUARY 5, 1881 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—At the beginning of the week a depression which had previously passed eastward up the Channel, was travelling in a northerly direction across the German Ocean, and the barometer in London was rising quickly. A slight temporary interruption in the recovery occurred about midday on Thursday (30th ult.), owing to the presence of a subsidiary depression in our neighbourhood, which also caused rain and sleet, but when this had passed away the rise in the barometer continued steadily, and in a short time an area of decidedly high readings was formed to the southward of the British Isles. The weather at the same time improved considerably, the latter part of Friday (31st ult.) and greater part of Saturday (1st inst.) being quite fine, but on Saturday evening a slight depression passed across us, and the weather became dull and damp. Similar weather prevailed on Sunday (2nd inst.), with the addition of thick fog, but on Monday (3rd inst.) the air was drier, although still cloudy and rather foggy. On Tuesday (4th inst.) the area of high pressure began to move slowly northward, and as its southern side appeared over us the weather became finer, while the wind shifted from south to north-east. On Wednesday (5th inst.) little change was shown, the high barometer being found over Scotland and the low over France, with some slight depressions approaching our south-eastern coasts from the eastward. The wind was north-easterly, and the weather still finer and brighter than on the previous day, while owing to the wind being rather fresh in force the air felt decidedly colder. At the close of the day there did not seem any prospect of a decided change. The barometer was highest (30.43 inches) on Sunday (2nd inst.); lowest (29.11 inches) on Thursday (30th ult.); range, 1.32 inches. Temperature was highest (45°) on Monday (3rd inst.); lowest (32°) on Friday (31st ult.) and Saturday (1st inst.); range, 15°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0.21 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.14 inches, on Thursday (30th ult.).



THE POPULAR CONCERTS.—The concert in St. James's Hall on Monday night was one of more than average interest. The E flat quartet of Dvorak, already heard with such undisguised satisfaction at the Saturday concert of December 18th last, more than confirmed the favourable impression then created. The work is as pure Bohemian as its composer—"Czechish" to the full, yet so crowded with beauties that it cannot fail to enchant those whose "ears are attuned to the finest issues." Whether the melodies are aboriginal, or of Dvorak's own invention, matters little. They are thoroughly charming, and used to the happiest purpose in each of the four movements. Only to signalise one out of the four—the *Dumka* ("Elegy") is a masterpiece of grace and freshness, now quaintly sad, now as gay as could be wished, the whole consistently wrought out and balanced with the hand of a true master of his craft. The quartet was played, as on the former occasion, with unflinching accuracy, the requisite discrimination of light and shade, and the characteristic expression indispensable to the revelation of its subtle beauties, by Madame Norman Neruda, Herr Ries, M. Zerlini, and Signor Piatti. Madame Neruda made an extraordinary impression by her refined and masterly execution of Handel's violin sonata in D major, one of a set of twelve works of the kind published in 1732 ("for violin or German flute"), composed expressly, it is said, for the Prince of Wales. The pianoforte accompaniment to the sonata has been arranged from Handel's own figured bass by Mr. Charles Hallé. Madame Neruda has never, perhaps, held the public more spell-bound than with this sonata, by what some of the "advanced school" would profanely call "a dried-up master." The last instrumental piece in the programme was Beethoven's fourth Trio (D major), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, given in perfection by Master Eugène d'Albert, Madame Neruda, and Signor Piatti. Earlier in the evening Master D'Albert played Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor, from the series of six, Op. 35, and on being encored substituted the *Lied ohne Worte* in C by the same composer, absurdly nicknamed by somebody (not Mendelssohn), "The Bee's Wedding," and by others, with no greater authority, the "Spinnlind." Master D'Albert must reconsider the Prelude and Fugue, both of which were played too fast, the prolonged *crescendo* in the fugue, which leads to the superb *chorale*, losing both distinctness and balance through the hurried pace at which it was taken from the outset. And why so much "sentiment" in the coda? Mendelssohn has simply marked it "*andante come prima, piano e tranquillo*." Master D'Albert is so eminently gifted that he can bear to be thus advised. The singer was Mr. Oswald, who in airs by Buononcini and Gounod proved himself worthy the good opinions he has already earned.

OFFENBACH'S NEW OPERA.—The rehearsals of Offenbach's posthumous opera, *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, in which the prolific composer, it is said, intended to take ample revenge for the failure of his still-remembered *Barrouf*, produced many years ago at the same theatre, and mercilessly criticised by Berlioz, are occupying almost exclusive attention at the Opéra Comique, M. Carvalho being determined to afford it every chance of success. This is but just, Offenbach having set his heart upon the work, which he was confident would be accepted as his masterpiece. The orchestration, left incomplete, has been filled up by M. Ernest Guiraud, composer of *Piccolino*, an English version of which (by Mr. Henry Hersee) was brought out during Mr. Carl Rosa's term of occupation at Her Majesty's Theatre. M. Jules Barbier, too, has made certain additions and alterations found necessary to the dramatic action.

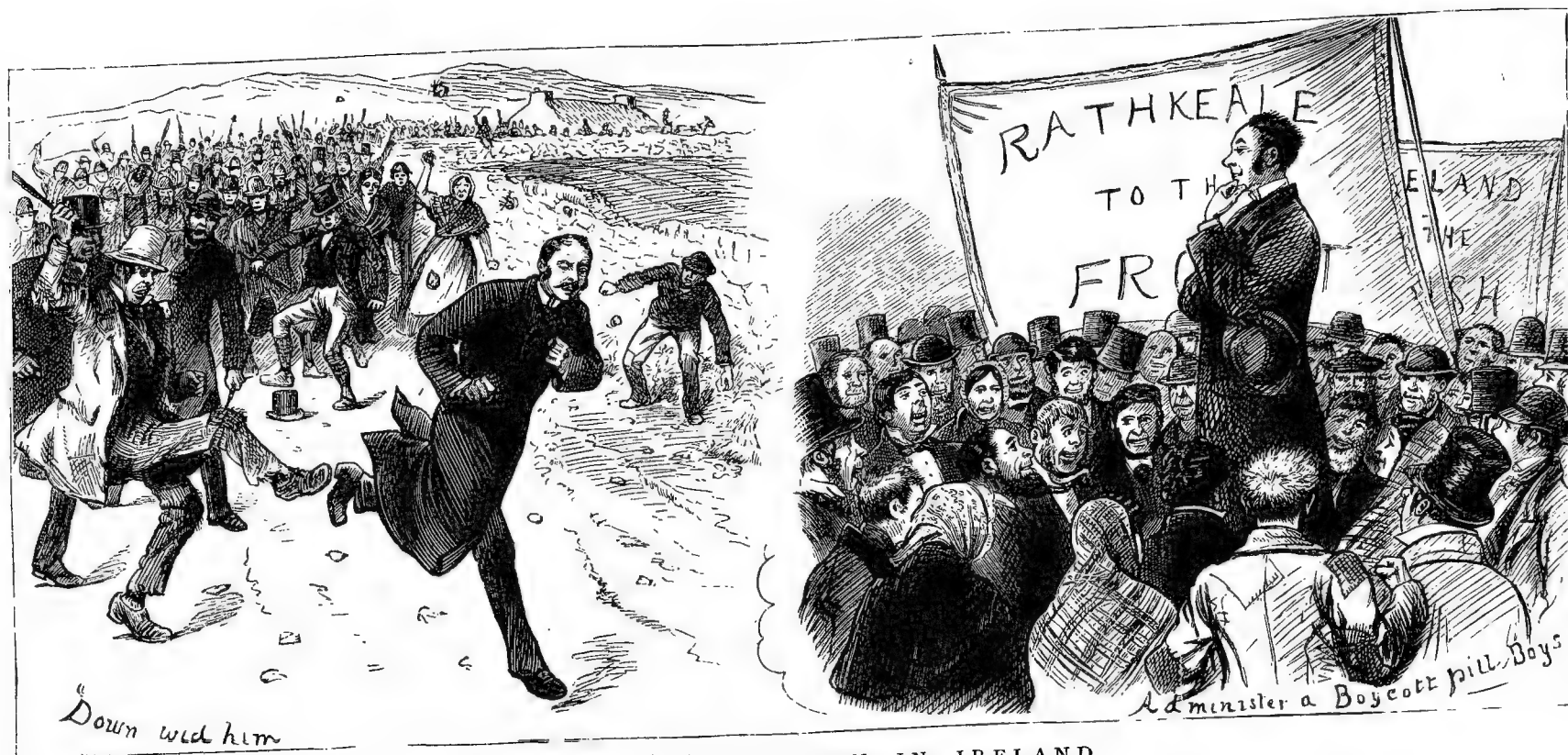
THE "REVUE ET GAZETTE MUSICALE."—One of the ablest, most instructive, moderate, and generally well-conducted of Parisian art-journals, the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, has retired from the literary arena, after an honourable existence of half-a-century, during which the most eminent bibliographers, essayists, and critics on music generally have contributed to its columns, from the late M. Fétis, its original promoter, if not absolutely founder, to the best writers of the actual period. The secession of the *Revue* will be heard of with sincere regret by not a few amateurs in this country who were wont to look forward with interest to its weekly Sunday issue. The proprietors—the great house of Brandus and Co.—in announcing the fact to their readers, add that they retain their copyright in the title of the journal, in view of any future contingency making it useful and expedient to revive it. It is to be hoped that the contingency may not be far off. Such organs of publicity are rare of their class.

MR. HENRY FARMER.—This highly esteemed English organist, composer, and pianist, who, as director and conductor of the Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society, may be said, in a great degree, to have helped in making Nottingham musical, has found it necessary to resign a post for so long honourably held. The committee and members of the society, however, in recognition of his services, and appreciation of his character as a man, no less than of his worth as an artist, have presented him with a handsome testimonial, accompanied by a suitably complimentary address.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The 143rd Anniversary Festival of this admirable institution will be celebrated in the accustomed way, by a dinner at St. James's Hall, on Thursday, February 10th, under the presidency of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. Mr. Thomas Molineux, himself for five-and-twenty years a member of the profession, from which he retired in 1850, to pursue a more directly scientific, and what turned out to be, in his case, more lucrative calling, has sent to Mr. W. H. Cummings, Treasurer of the Royal Society of Musicians, a cheque for 1,000 guineas. The great Handel, in his will, bequeathed 1,000l. to the Society; but here is a native-born English musician, who—resolved, it seems to be at the head of the poll—has turned the pounds into guineas. This magnificent contribution is to be hoped will excite emulation in other quarters.

PARIS (Correspondence).—The performance at the Grand Opera, organised for the benefit of the Association of Dramatic Artists, by M. Halanzier (M. Vaucorbeil's precursor as director), was a brilliant success, realising no less than 33,000 francs for the Fund. The prominent feature of a highly varied and in every way attractive programme was the appearance once more in public for this special occasion of Madame Marietta Alboni, one of the greatest and most accomplished artists that ever graced the lyric boards. How cordially the "Queen of Contraltos" was welcomed by the densely thronged house need hardly be recorded. At the conclusion of her first air from Vaccai's *Romeo et Juliette*, the audience were already under the spell of a voice and style that in their way have never been surpassed, and after another air from Mercadante's *Donna Carlota*, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. In fact the voice and singing were as perfect as when, more than thirty years ago, after her memorable success at the opening of our Royal Italian Opera (April 6th, 1847), she made her first appearance in the Théâtre Ventadour, playing (as at Covent Garden) Arsace to Grisi's Semiramide, in Rossini's gorgeous Oriental opera—the last he ever wrote for Italy. Such preservation of voice and vocal facility, rare nowadays, is not merely the result of exceptional natural gifts, but also of early strict training in the only legitimate school.

(Continued on page 46)



THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND

THE LATE MR. FRANK BUCKLAND

FRANK BUCKLAND, who was born December 17th, 1826, was the son of the famous geologist who was Dean of Westminster, and whose celebrated "Bridgewater Treatise" is still remembered. The son inherited his father's scientific enthusiasm, but it was bent in another direction. At Winchester School he was an ardent collector of birds' eggs and butterflies, and the present writer, being his contemporary at Oxford, remembers how his rooms at Christ Church used to be tenanted by various four-legged and two-legged pets, to the delight of the undergraduates, but to the scandalment of Dean Gaisford. On quitting Oxford Mr. Buckland entered the 2nd Life Guards as Assistant-Surgeon, but though he considered this the happiest period of his life, he abandoned the medical profession in 1863 in order to devote himself more wholly to natural history and pisciculture. His especial success in the latter direction proves what the untiring enthusiasm and energy of a single individual can do. To him we owe the agitation which checked the pollution of rivers, and which consequently has multiplied the production of salmon and other food-fishes; to him also we owe the removal of unfair traps and engines for catching fish, and the establishment of close months. Every Londoner who fishes in the Upper Thames has reason to bless the memory of Frank Buckland. His collection of fish-models, &c., at the South Kensington Museum is unrivalled, and he cared nothing for fatigue or exposure when in pursuit of his darling object. He was, moreover, a reverent man of science, recognising in all things the hand of the Great Creator. His writings, some scattered in the pages of the *Field* or *Land and Water*, others collected into volumes, are of a most fascinating character. Altogether, few of those who quitted this world during the past year have died more deeply regretted. His health had long been failing, and his death, which was not unexpected by his friends, took place on December 19th. Our engraving is from a "Portrait at Home," by Mr. Samuel Walker, of 230, Regent Street, and represents the popular naturalist amid congenial surroundings. We may add that Mr. Frank Buckland has bequeathed his Museum of Economic Fish

Culture to the nation. The gift is rendered still more valuable by the fact that, according to his will, on the death of Mrs. Buckland a sum of 5,000*l.* will revert to the nation, to be applied for the purpose of founding a Professorship of Economic Pisciculture in connection with the Buckland Museum and the Science and Art Department at South Kensington. A posthumous work, by Mr. Buckland, entitled "The Natural History of British Fishes," will shortly be published. The preface was finished by him on his death-bed, only two days before he died.

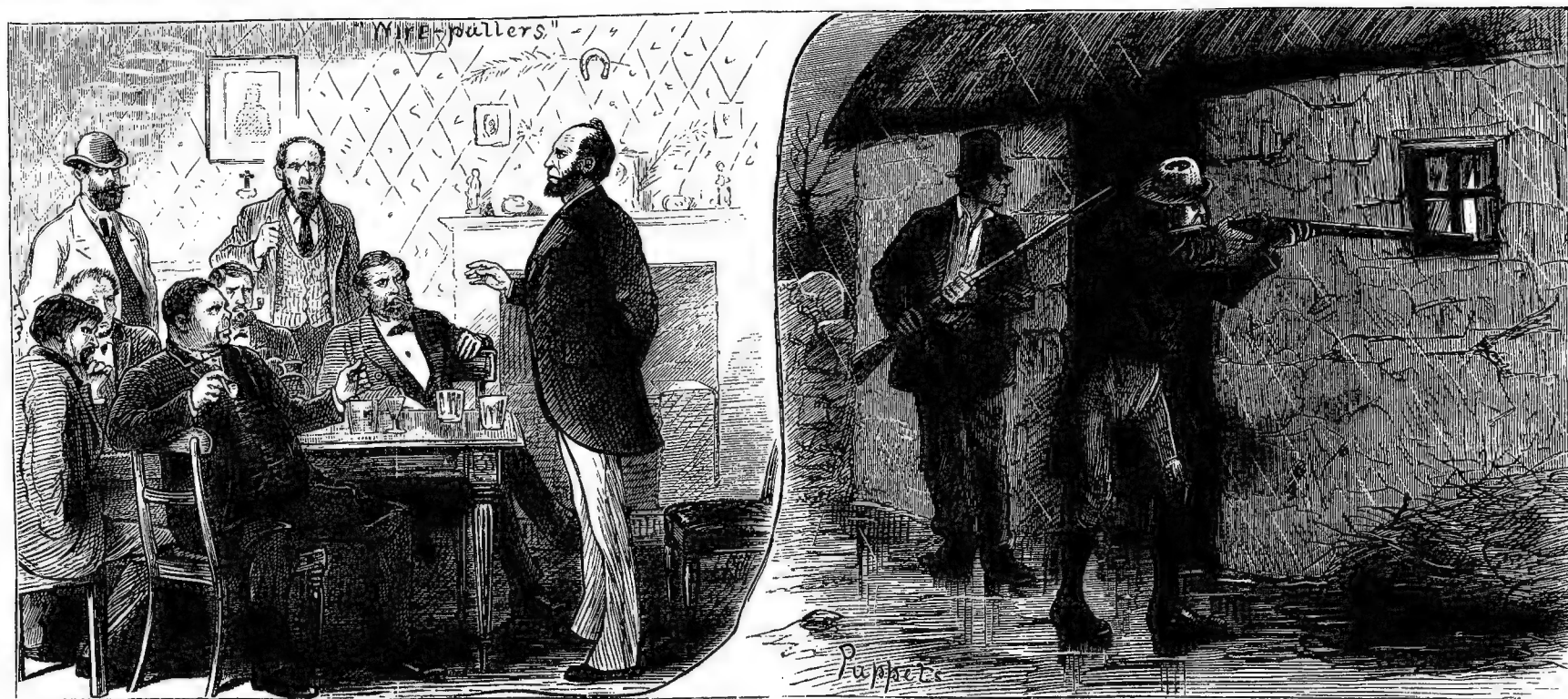
"STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND"

ONE of the writer's earliest recollections was a visit to the Paris Jardin des Plantes on a bitterly cold January day, with a biting east wind whistling over the quays, causing the great majority of the animals to retreat into their dens and nestle into their warm beds of hay and straw. The Polar bear was an exception, he was standing up to his knees in his half-frozen pond, shaking his head from side to side with a grave glee, as much as to say, "Now this is something like home." On going to see the lions we found them and their companion carnivora carefully housed in specially warmed dens, and not visible to the general public until more genial weather should set in. With modern times, however, have come modern improvements, and the cages can now be so comfortably heated that the animals are exhibited without risk to their tropical constitutions. In the London Zoological Gardens in particular most spacious and comfortable quarters within the last few years have been built for the lions and other carnivora, their dens being enclosed in a huge glass shed, so that in conjunction with the warmth as much light as can be obtained from our metropolitan sky is afforded to them. Still their lot in winter must be a weary one, there are fewer visitors to amuse them, the air is close, and, though warm, somewhat suggestive of a stable, while their view of the weather outside must be anything but inspiring. Their

astonishment at the snow must be as great as that of the little Indian child who, on her first visit to England, woke up one morning to find the opposite house converted into a "wedding cake," and must serve to confirm their impression that they are indeed "strangers in a strange land."

THE BURNING OF THE "RICHELIEU"

EARLY on the morning of the 29th December the town of Toulon was startled by the booming of cannon and the violent ringing of the tocsin. On the alarmed inhabitants turning out to inquire the reason it was found that the *Richelieu*, one of the most powerful ironclads of the French navy, was on fire. All the resources of the Arsenal were at once brought into play, innumerable pumps, both ashore and afloat, poured streams of water upon the flames, but, notwithstanding every effort, the fire continued to gain such ground that at last the authorities determined to sink the vessel. Accordingly the ports were opened, and the *Richelieu* began to settle down, leaning somewhat to starboard. Suddenly the lashings of her port guns gave way, and the pieces rolled over to the right side, with a terrible noise, causing the vessel to lurch still further in the same direction. Her masts caught in the rigging of the *Forbin*, which was close by, and in heeling the *Richelieu* also swamped a barge filled with firemen. Ultimately she sank without any further damage. The vessel herself is not thought to have been very greatly injured, and it is expected that she will be shortly raised and refloated. For some days, however, the divers were unable to enter the vessel, as the fire was found to be still smouldering, and there was considerable danger of suffocation, but later on some of her small guns were recovered. The *Richelieu* was launched in 1873, and was ranked in the first-class. Her tonnage was 8,400, and she carried twenty-one guns. Of these six of 23 tons were in a central battery, and one of 15½ tons in each of the four turrets. How the fire broke out is not known.



THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND



THE LATE MR. FRANK BUCKLAND "AT HOME"



"STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND"—A WINTER DAY AT THE "ZOO"

WAIFS.—It is affirmed positively that, after a long delay, Gounod's new opera, *Le Tribut de Zamora*, will be produced at the Paris Grand Opera by M. Vaucorbeil, in February, a month sooner than was expected. There was a rehearsal under the superintendence of the composer even on Christmas Day.—At the Bouffes Parisiens a new three-act comic opera, entitled *La Mascotte*, music by M. Audran (composer of *Les Noces d'Olivette*), has been produced with success. *Mascotte* signifies the precise contrary to *Jettatore*—"good eye," instead of "evil eye"—and he or she who possess it brings as much luck to the holder as the *Jettatore* brings ill-fortune. The possessor of this enviable distinction in the piece supplied by MM. Chivot and Duru is a simple village-maid, who, with her lover, Pippo, goes through a variety of strange adventures, all ending happily, as becomes an opera at the Bouffes Parisiens. Both libretto and music have met with general approval.—The Teatro San Carlo at Naples, reopened on the 22nd ult. with Verdi's *Aida*, which, according to the *Giornale d'Italia*, and other local papers, was but coldly received on the first night, but less coldly on the second. The *Aida* was Madame Cepeda, well-known to frequenters of our Royal Italian Opera.—The Municipal Council of Catania having refused to grant the usual subsidy, the Teatro Comunale will remain closed for the present.—The MSS. left by the illustrious Florentine composer, Cherubini, have, we understand, been purchased by the German Government for 30,000 francs.—At the opening of the Scala, for the Carnival and Lent season in Milan, a new opera, *Il Figliuol Prodigo* (on the same subject as Auber's *Enfant Prodigue*), was produced with great success. The composer is Signor Ponchielli, of whose music, despite its Italian successes, not a note has yet been heard at either of our Italian operas.—According to the Frankfort papers, Herr Maurice Strakosch, the well-known *impresario*, has made arrangements with Director Angelo Neumann, of the Leipzig Opera, to bring out the entire tetralogy of the *Ring des Nibelungen*, under the superintendence of the composer himself, in the course of the ensuing London season. *Credat Julius Apella!*—It is now reported that Mr. Gye will produce Rubinstein's opera, *The Demon*, during the ensuing season at the Royal Italian Opera. What has become of *Nero*?



MR. TENNYSON'S rather tardily developed ambition to take a place among acted dramatists has not hitherto been rewarded with much more than a *succès d'estime*. *Queen Mary*, produced at the LYCEUM under the management of Mrs. Bateman, can hardly be said to have enjoyed any sort of popularity; and the little piece called *The Falcon* at the St. James's received rather a respectful than an enthusiastic welcome. The long-expected tragic play entitled *The Cup*, produced by Mr. Irving on Monday evening, is in some respects a bolder effort; but though full of passages of fine poetry and of true passion, it lacks the chief requisites of a dramatic story if it is to win the sympathy of playgoers. It is not merely that its tone is dark and sad, or that its ending is tragic. A deeper fault lies in the impossibility of sympathising fully in the motives and acts of any of the personages. As our readers are no doubt already aware, the theme is the revenge of Camma, the wife of the Tetrarch Sinnatus, upon Synorix, the murderer of her husband. In conformity with the old tale in Plutarch, this lady feigns to accept the advances of her husband's destroyer only for the sake of poisoning him before the very altar where she pledges to him her troth in second nuptials. Mr. Tennyson adds to the old tale some artistic touches. Camma is not only the loving wife of the Tetrarch, but a priestess of the great Temple of Artemis, whom the Romans, after their fashion, identified with their goddess Diana. This may appear to be a strange combination of status and functions, but it is sheltered by the authority of Plutarch, and Mr. Tennyson adroitly turns it to account by representing the guilty Synorix as seeking to ingratiate himself by presenting the object of his unholy passion with a sacred vessel of gold saved from the burning of a Temple of Artemis by the Roman forces. This is, in fact, "The Cup" of the story, and it is in this vessel that she offers her bridegroom the poisoned mead, which she also drinks herself.

The tale is one of woman's constancy and heroism, and it is also as it now stands a tale of patriotism, for Mr. Tennyson represents Synorix as a traitor to the country which had banished him for his licentiousness, and as aiding the Roman army, in which he has taken service, to subjugate her, and make Synorix her tributary king. Thus it is not only his hand but a crown which Synorix offers, and it is to this that Camma, in her last words addressed first to her dying husband, then to the Roman General Antonius, refers:—

Crawl, worm, crawl down thine own dark hole
To the lowest hell. My Lord Antonius,
I meant thee to have followed—better thus
If we must go beneath the yoke of Rome.
Have I the crown on? I will go
To meet him crown'd! crown'd victor of my will
On my last voyage; but the wind has failed;
Growing dark, too, but light enough to row,
Row to the Blessed Isles! the Blessed Isles!
There league on league of ever shining shores,
Beneath an ever-rising sun. I see him,
Why comes he not to meet me? It is the crown
Offends him, and my hands are too sleepy
To lift it off.

These, it must be confessed, are powerful lines; but the fine imagination which has so well conceived the ferocity of those old times is unable to deprive the scene of its revolting characteristics. Montanelli, in his tragedy on the same theme, has interposed an act between the murder of Sinnatus and the second marriage, in which we see the lady—still perplexed with uncertainty—welcoming the advances of Synorix only for the sake of leading him on to confession of the crime. In Mr. Tennyson's version she is actually present at the murder, which takes place at the very porch of the temple in which Camma, in obedience to her dying husband's hurried injunction, subsequently takes refuge. Hence this intermediate and less violent episode is of necessity absent, and when the curtain rises again we are in the Temple, where all is already prepared by Camma for the terrible end. The cruel deed—so openly done, so cynically discussed as soon as done—has necessarily occasioned to the spectator a painful shock; and unhappily the sustained duplicity, craft, and fell purpose of the lady, worthy as her motives are, render her rather repulsive than noble of aspect; and Mr. Irving's style of wooing, sinister, impressive, but wholly wanting in the gaiety of manner which seems needful to render the situation conceivable, necessarily adds something to the gloom of the situation. The strength of this popular actor notoriously does not lie in the impersonation of ardent lovers, but Synorix, in spite of his cruelty and wickedness, is clearly a licentious gallant of his time. No part which Miss Terry sustains could fail to be endowed with beautiful touches. There is a charming scene in the first act, in which she solaces the tedium of her husband's absence at the chase by singing, to the accompaniment of an antique harp, an exquisite lyric, to the refrain:—

Moon on the field and the foam,
Moon on the waste and the wild,
Moon bring him home, bring him home,
Home through the dark and the cold.
Home, sweet moon, bring him home.
Safe from the wolf to the fold.

Her scorn of Synorix's allurements is also beautifully expressed, and throughout the play her movements and attitudes are inspired with poetry and grace. But the malignant satisfaction with which she regards the dying agonies of her second husband, who for some unexplained reason accepts the new turn of affairs without apparently any surprise, or even any curiosity to know the exact cause of his sudden torments—sits ill upon her essentially sweet and good-natured countenance. The unreality of this scene would doubtless have been more generally felt but for the extreme beauty of the mounting of the play. The interior of the Temple by Mr. Hawes Craven and Mr. Cuthbert is a noble specimen of scenic illusion, full of suggestion of ancient grandeur and religious spirit; and the beautiful procession of children scattering flowers, and the mystic rites of worship powerfully aid the imagination. Not less praise is due to the fine landscape of the first act by Mr. Telbin. Almost the entire burden of the performance is on the shoulders of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry. The part of Sinnatus, who is slain in the first act, is not very important. It is played by Mr. Terriss in a rough and vigorous manner, which is no doubt appropriate in a semi-barbarous ruler of the pre-Christian times; but it is a manner unfortunately that does not tend to afford relief where relief from an artistic point of view seems much needed. The play occupies only an hour and a half in representation, and is followed by *The Corsican Brothers*; so that the Lyceum programme is, at this time, decidedly not of a light or gay description. The first performance of *The Cup* on Monday evening was witnessed by a very distinguished audience; and, though private whispers of want of action and need for compression were heard, there was certainly no lack of generous welcome for Mr. Tennyson's latest contribution to the stage.

The American admirers of Mr. Edwin Booth, who were disappointed on learning that their favourite tragedian had not stepped at once into a great reputation in this country, ought, perhaps, rather to have been surprised if the fact had been the other way. They attribute their disappointment, it appears, to the overshadowing fame of Mr. Irving; but they forget that Mr. Irving himself only arrived at his present position by slow steps. The truth is that great popularity in an actor is generally a cumulative result of many appearances in many characters. His fame is built up, as it were, in the minds of his admirers, and is the sum total of numerous pleasing associations. Mr. Booth is really a great actor; he may want something of that fire and impulse which enable Mr. Irving often to excite admiration even among those to whom his eccentricities and vices of manner and of utterance are most distressing. On the other hand, to deny Mr. Booth's genius would certainly be altogether unjust, and there can be no question that he is a great artist. His *Bertuccio* in *The Fool's Revenge* is something more than a fine performance. It derives great advantages, it is true, from a learned mastery of the resources of the histrionic art; but these are no more to be despised than skill in drawing, knowledge of perspective, of the management of light and shade, and of the capabilities of colour in the art of painting. Still they are acquisitions that may be won by patient study. What stamps this impersonation as a work of genius is the boldness of the conception, and the vigour and picturesqueness with which the actor's artistic sense enables him to endow it. A more original or bold effort than his Jester's attempt to persuade the Countess to aid him in rescuing his daughter from the grasp of the libertines who are detaining her can rarely have been seen on the stage; for his Bertuccio here plays the antics of the privileged mummer to the very verge of puerile folly while his heart is really bursting with grief and impatience; and he keeps his audience the while on the brink of laughter, yet awakens no laugh from first to last—with such subtlety is the deep pathos of the situation always suggested. The whirlwind of excited feeling in which the play ends when Bertuccio breaks into the chamber, springs on the table, and kicks over the poisoned cups for fear his daughter, like the profligate guests of the Duke who detain her, may fall a victim to the vengeance of the Duchess, has a no less powerful effect on the imaginations of the audience. It is to be regretted that Mr. Booth is so poorly supported, though Miss Gerard plays with grace and feeling the part of Fiordelisa.

Miss Litton's series of revivals of standard English comedies will commence this afternoon with Wycherley's *Country Girl*, altered for the occasion by Mr. Bannister. A new romantic Irish drama, in which Miss Kate Lawler is to play the leading part, is in preparation at the ROYALTY. The author is Mr. Joseph Mackay. This evening the management of the ST. JAMES'S Theatre will produce a two-act drama by Mr. Pinero, entitled *The Money Spinner*, in conjunction with a revival of the late Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy, *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*.

THE "ERA" ALMANACK.—To lovers of the drama this publication is always welcome, enlivened as it is by numerous tales and suggestive anecdotes by various eminent hands, theatrical and otherwise. This year we have a new feature in the form of a number of drawings by actors and actresses of celebrity. Necessarily they vary much in merit, that by Mr. Toole can only be accepted on the ground that everything which such a racy comedian has touched must be interesting, while that by Mr. Pinero, showing how the gallery mistook him for Mr. Irving in *The Corsican Brothers*, is genuinely humorous. But the part of this Almanack to which we always turn with the greatest interest is the Obituary. Year after year, as we grow older, we see an increasing list of the names of those who have melted us to tears or excited us to laughter, now laid in their silent graves. Nor is the Calendar a very cheerful record, for the anniversaries are mostly of the burning of theatres, no less than fifty-six of such disasters being recorded.



THREATENING LETTERS are now being distributed broadcast, not only by persons in favour of the Land League, but by some who are opposed to it. Mr. Chamberlain has lately received several, one of which professes to come from "John Smith, Administrator of the Loyal Vehmgericht, Dublin," who says that Parnell, Davitt, Dillon, T. P. O'Connor, and other "assassins" are doomed, that Messrs. Gladstone, Bright, and Chamberlain have also been condemned to death as traitors and aiders of murder, and that the sentence will be carried out unless the Land League is put down by very strong coercion.—Another letter has been sent to the Birmingham Police giving warning that Mr. Bradlaugh will be put to death by some unknown hand. "The fire of hell is wriggling about in its great frenzy to burn his wicked body to ashes; and many bullets are being moulded to penetrate the head of the detestable atheist."

THE LEEDS RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—The coroner's inquest respecting the fatal collision at Leeds on the 27th ult. has resulted in a verdict of "culpable negligence" against the foreman shunter, Charles Brown; the shunter, John Coe; and the signalman, Joseph Marriott; but the coroner said, that judges having laid down as a rule that they would not suffer an indictment to go before a grand jury unless the case had been investigated by a magistrate, he should not put his warrant into execution at present, but wait until the stipendiary magistrate for Leeds had proceeded in the matter. It was stated that "the best known system of blocking" was in operation at the "points," and that the accident resulted from the lax manner in

which the rules were observed. Marriott is stated to be one of the best men in the company's employ. His daily duty was from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M., during which time he had to work thirty point and signal levers, and pass eighty-four passenger trains in and out of the station, besides shunting, which varied according to circumstances.

ALLEGED LIBEL ON AN AMEER.—Mr. Knight, the editor and proprietor of the *Statesman*, has been committed for trial on a charge of libelling the Ameer-i-Kabeer of Hyderabad. The article complained of, which appeared in October last, contained imputations of hiring assassins, and various other dishonourable actions; among others, of attempting to cause a British Resident in India to be bribed for political purposes. For the defence it was contended that as the Ameer was not in this country a charge of libel would not stand, especially as he had avoided an inquiry in the Indian Courts; but this objection was over-ruled.

AN INTERNATIONAL FORGERY ASSOCIATION.—A band of forgers of bonds, and receivers of stolen bonds, has just been captured at Milan. They are said to belong to an organisation comprising Italians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Poles, and Americans, which has branches and agents in the chief cities of Europe.

VICTIMS OF THE IRISH LAND AGITATION.—At the hearing of a School Board summons at Lambeth the other day it was stated that the mother of the boy complained of was the owner of some property in Ireland, but for some time had been unable to get either rents or tenants. The family were thereby much reduced in circumstances, their furniture and jewellery had been sold, and the son removed from a good educational institution to a Board school.

MR. HOLLAND, of the Surrey Theatre, appeared the other day at the Southwark Police Court, to prosecute a pantomime writer, named M'Arde, who had presented a pistol at him, and threatened to shoot him if he did not pay some money which it is stated was not owing, M'Arde having failed to complete the work. It appeared that the defendant was intoxicated at the time, and Mr. Holland, believing that he did not really intend to injure him, did not press the charge, so he was simply ordered to find sureties to keep the peace for twelve months.

THE TEMPLE BAR MEMORIAL has been again wantonly damaged by a drunken man, who, being caught in the act, told the policeman that a gentleman who had been treating him all day, had promised him a shilling to "maul" the figures. After lying a week in prison under remand, he was sentenced to another seven days' imprisonment.

A CURIOUS CASE.—The Nuneaton magistrates have just sent a man to hard labour for a fortnight for having taken his own boots from the shop of a shoemaker where they had been left for repair. The report does not state whether he was charged with stealing the boots themselves, or the pieces of leather which had been attached to them in the process of renovation.

SEVERAL FIRES which have recently occurred in Liverpool are supposed to have been the work of incendiaries. Four broke out simultaneously on Monday in the docks, and a fifth occurred the same night in Regent Road. Two bottles of petroleum were found.

A JUVENILE BURGLAR.—A lad, aged fifteen, has been committed for trial on a charge of having, last week, committed two burglaries at Dulwich, and is suspected of having been concerned in several other robberies of a like kind. At one of the houses which he entered he seems to have tried to burn a hole through a locked drawer in order to get at its contents, but, fortunately for himself, he did not succeed, as it contained a large packet of cartridges.

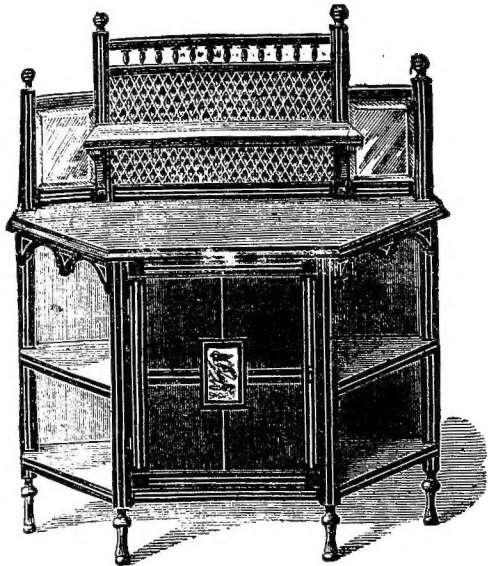
A SINGULAR SUICIDE was committed at New Swindon on Friday last by a man named Day, who shot himself on his wife's grave in the churchyard, leaving a letter saying that he could not live without her, and asking that he might be buried with her in his clothes, and that no "bother" might be made "about this little affair."

POSTMEN'S OVERTIME.—The flood of Christmas and New Year cards of greeting and congratulation has during the past fortnight caused an enormous increase of labour in the Post Office both in town and country, and a few weeks hence there will in all probability be as great an accession of business upon the advent of St. Valentine. Very many persons there are who look upon these time-honoured customs as unmitigated nuisances, and deprecate the sending of such missives on the ground that one's sentiment should be of home manufacture, and not purchased ready-made at the nearest stationer's shop. We think, however, that much may be said in their favour as encouraging and developing aesthetic taste amongst all classes, besides affording the means of livelihood to many hundreds of artistic workers. There is, however, one consideration which almost makes us regret the ever-increasing development of this branch of industry, and that is the sympathy which we feel for the poor letter-carrier, who at a season of the year when everybody else is making holiday is condemned to such enormously increased labour, and that, too, without any corresponding addition to his earnings. The sorters, stampers, and others who work within doors only, are, we believe, usually paid extra when their day's work extends beyond the customary limit, but it is otherwise with the unfortunate postman, whose duty it is to perform a given number of "deliveries" per day, and who, except in very rare instances, gets no assistance and no extra emolument when those deliveries happen to be so heavy in bulk and number of letters and packets that they take him nearly double the ordinary time to dispose of. The standing wages of these hard-working and invaluable public servants are small enough in all conscience, considering the responsible duties which they have to perform, and which, as a rule, they perform with such regularity and civility; and it seems positively unjust to expect them to do extra work without receiving proportionately extra pay. Mr. Fawcett, the new Postmaster-General, has initiated several excellent reforms in our postal system since his accession to office, and we should think that it only needs his attention to be called to such a matter as this to bring about a change in the right direction. It is not only at Christmas, the New Year, and St. Valentine's Day, that postmen are liable to be called upon to do heavy extra work, but at various other periods throughout the year. In fact, the letter-carrier never knows when he attends his office in the morning at what time his work will be finished, for an unexpected influx of business circulars may at any time add two, three, or even four hours to his daily task, adding considerably to the Revenue, but not one penny to the income of the poor fellow who helps to earn it. The work must, of course, be done, but it should be paid for at a fair rate, in the same way as extra work is almost universally remunerated by private employers.

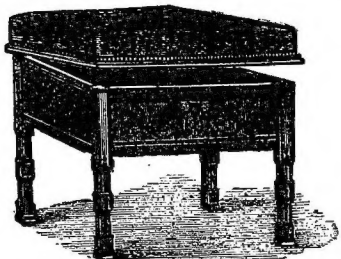
HUMAN SACRIFICES still prevail among some of the Madras hill tribes, but the British authorities are striving hard to find out and punish the offenders. Recently in Vizagapatam, according to the *Times of India*, some of the tribes determined to make an attack on the Police Station, and in order to secure success plundered a poor village and carried off the inhabitants as victims for a propitiatory sacrifice. The unfortunate prisoners were placed in a circle and offered cooked food, after which they were beheaded with the head-man's sword, and their blood mixed with rice and smeared over their foreheads. The murderers were eventually brought to justice, but they all alleged that the proceedings were sacrificial, not murderous. The ringleader was sentenced to death, but the others got off scot free.

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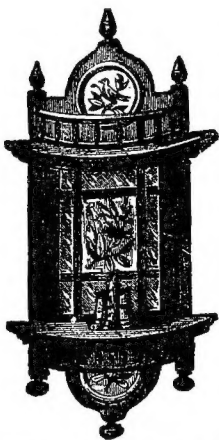
145, 146, 147, 148, 149,
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.



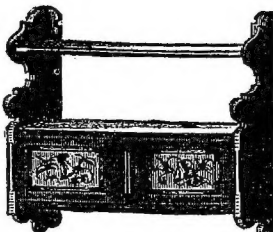
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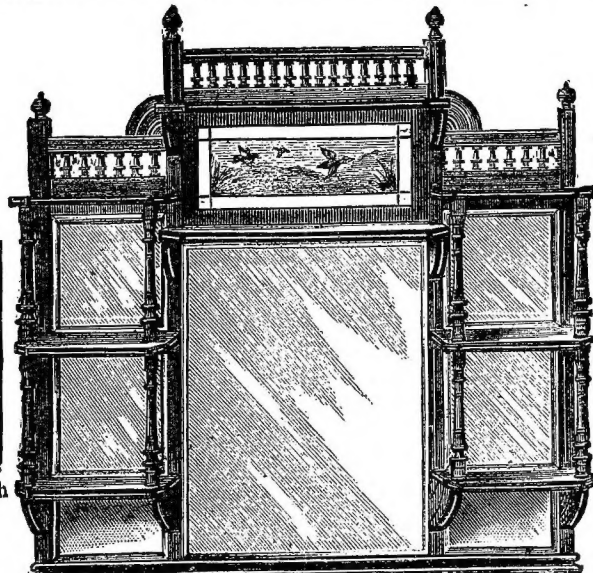
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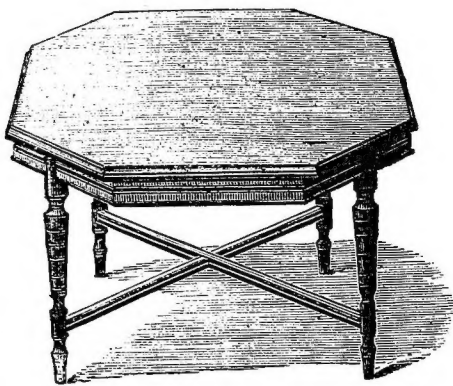
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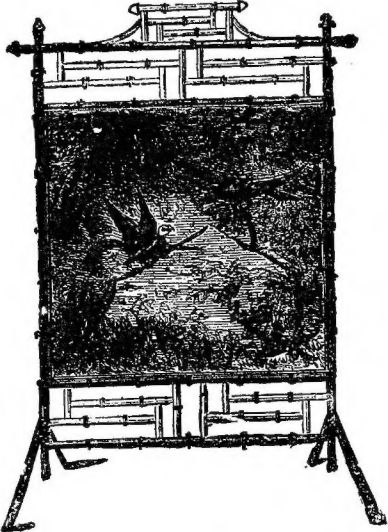
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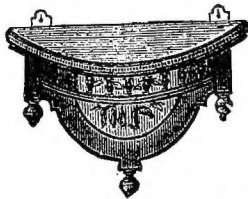
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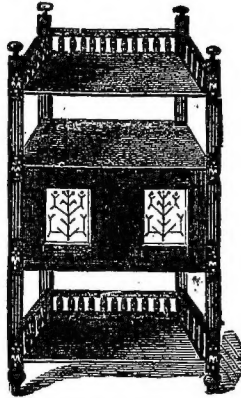
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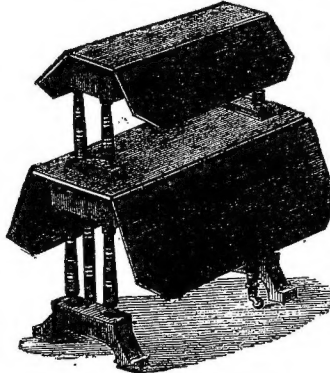
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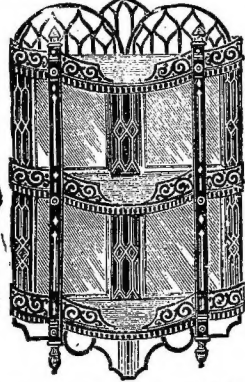
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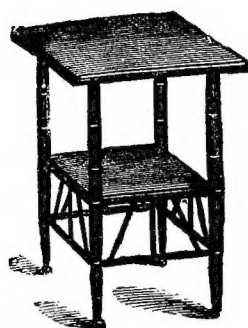
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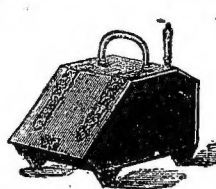
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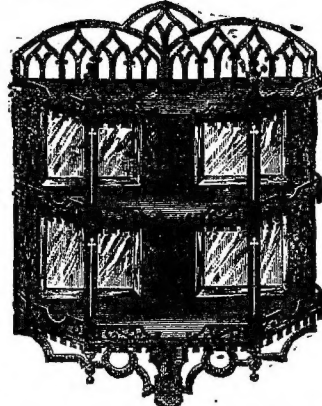


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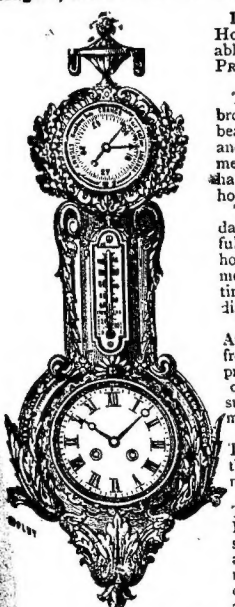


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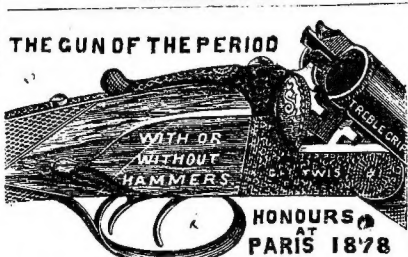
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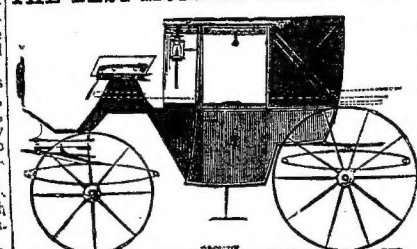
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